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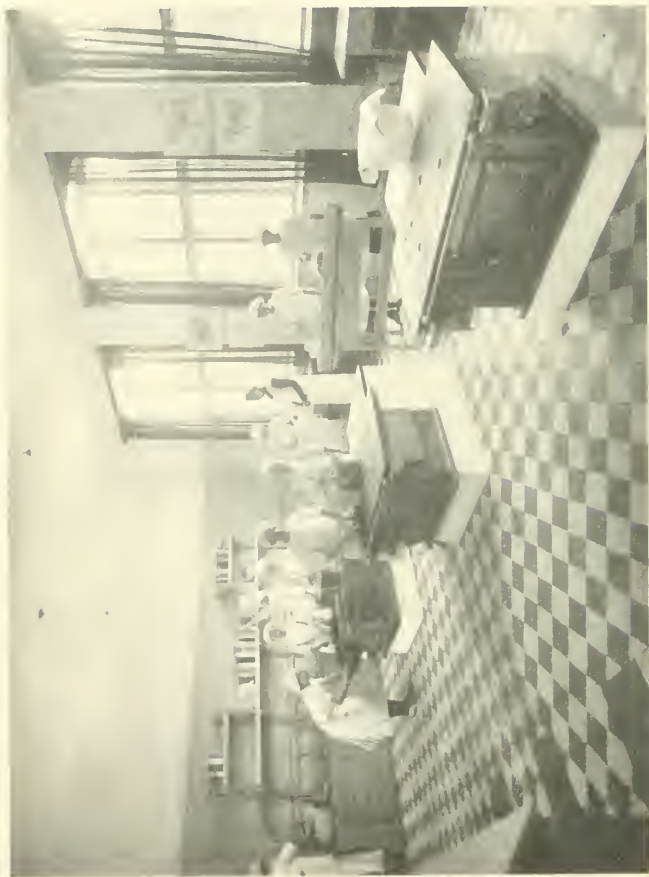


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LEARNING TO COOK AT THE FOLK SCHOOLS



# FINLAND

## A LITTLE LAND THAT IS TRUE TO ITSELF

A Study of Finland Under Russia in Com-  
parison with the South of the United States

BY  
HELEN GRAY



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DK  
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TO  
THE MEMORY OF  
MY MOTHER

1427506



I am indebted to Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co., Publishers, of New York, for permission to use the selections from the "Kalevala," translated by W. F. Kirby, and published in Everyman's Library.



## PREFACE

My visit to Finland concerned my interest in problematical questions. Having traveled for a number of years in the Southern States as a journalist, writing along various lines, I became interested to know what the people of other lands were doing to solve their problems, none of which, it seemed to me, could be as serious as the problems that face the people of the Southern States of the American Union. Finland, because of its individuality, and the combative and initiative faculties of its inhabitants, had for some time excited my admiration; and that I have no reason to regret the time spent within the borders of this little land, I think my small volume will testify.

I am an enthusiastic believer in traveling for instruction, which prompts me to say here, that I would like to see rearing its head in every state in the American Union, an institution similar to the London School of Economics and Political Science, where, I think, the best preparation for this method of study may be had.

I am indebted to many people for many kindnesses, especially to Captain Hultine, of the

Finnish Tourist Society, for pictures and other assistance; and to Madame Aino Malmberg and Mrs. Myrta Locket Avary for their kindly interest.

I may add as a postscript that this little book just "happened." Not until the last word was written, and I had laid down my pencil, did the thought come to me that I had written a "book." The chapters were intended to be read in public, in connection with my other efforts to interest in the vital problems at our door, those people with whom I came in contact, who were not already interested.

HELEN GRAY.

London, December 12, 1913.

## CONTENTS

PREFACE . . . . .	9
CHAPTER	PAGE
I HOW FINLAND BECAME A NATION . . . .	15
II AN ACCOUNT OF MY JOURNEY . . . .	21
III COUNTRY LIFE . . . . .	40
IV FINLAND'S INTERNAL CONFLICT . . . .	46
V TOURING FINLAND . . . . .	57
VI KUOPIO AND KAJANA . . . . .	84
VII IN THE FAR NORTH . . . . .	88
VIII EDUCATION . . . . .	105
IX INDUSTRIAL FINLAND . . . . .	114
X STORIES FROM THE KALEVALA . . . .	133





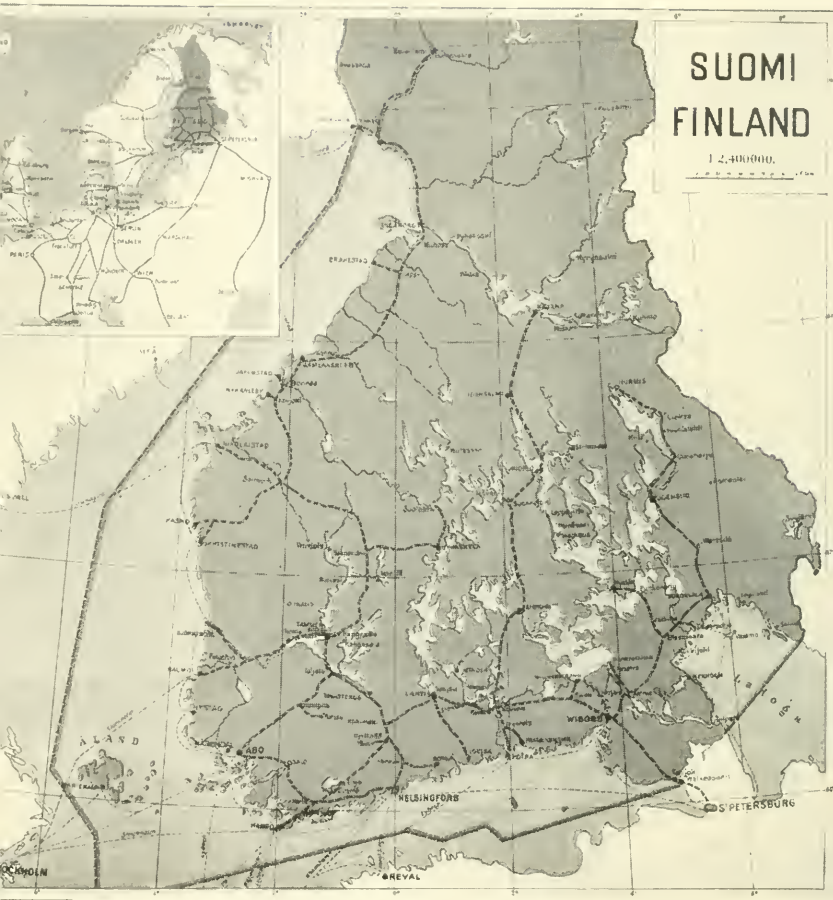
## LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

Learning to Cook at the Folk Schools . . . *Frontispiece*

	FACING PAGE
Map of Finland . . . . .	15
The Esplanade, Helsingfors . . . . .	28
Symbolical Picture . . . . .	30
Knight Erik's Castle at Nyslott . . . . .	72
Woodland Scenery,—Punkaharju . . . . .	73
A Finnish Gentleman's Home . . . . .	85
The Beginning of the Rapids Where the Tourist Boats Shoot . . . . .	89
Bathing Facilities at the Folk Schools . . . . .	107
"The Resurrection" . . . . .	114







# FINLAND

## CHAPTER I

### HOW FINLAND BECAME A NATION

Finnish History — Swedish Conquerors — Fire-screen of Sweden — Promise of Alexander I — Finnish-Finns and Swedish-Finns — The Land of Brave Men and Women.

In the northern portion of Europe there lives,—yes, yet lives,—a unique little nation of some three millions of people, a nation that has been attracting favorable comment from the European press for some fourteen years because of the brave stand it has taken for its liberties, which are being encroached upon by the Russian government. For the Grand Duchy of Finland, like Poland, is a part of the Russian Empire.

In the twelfth century the Finns were conquered by the Swedes. The Finnish people at that time lived in villages, each of which was governed by a chief; their occupations were a rude agriculture and piracy; and they were, as now, great rovers of the sea.

The Swedes made them acquainted with cul-

ture and Christianity, both of which in time they would have learned anyway, without the humiliation of subjection. But the Swedes were not unkindly conquerors, as conquerors go; and for many hundreds of years the conquered and the conqueror lived together on easy terms, practically without amalgamation.

Finland became the fire-screen of Sweden, as it were, standing between her and her Russian foe.

For half a dozen centuries, we may say, the Finnish soldiers, noted for their bravery, scarcely slept off the fighting field. In 1809, however, they were conquered by Russia, and this event was a fortunate one in their history, for never nobler conqueror lived, so far as his attitude toward the Finlanders was concerned, than Alexander I, of Russia.

He took a fancy to the Finns, and gathering their representatives together in the little cathedral church at Borga, where they took the oath of allegiance, he told them that he desired to place Finland among the nations of the earth, subject to Russia only in external affairs; internally, she should have separate autonomy. At the time that he delivered this promise there were in the western part of the land Finns who were still fighting. They laid down their arms a few months later, and on the 5th day of Sep-

tember, 1809, in the ancient little town of Fredriksham, Sweden signed away to Russia all her rights to Finland and the Finns.

The pure Finns are of Turanean descent, of the Finnish-Ugrian race; they are related to the Huns, the Magyars, and the Moguls, and somewhere back in the early centuries to the Turk. You recognise to-day a tendency to high cheekbones and almond eyes; but the Finns are quite white. There is, indeed, a later theory that the Finns and Hungarians, too, are of Arian descent, the opinion being based upon a study of the shape of the skull.

We thus see that two races are living in Finland to-day,—the aristocratic Swedes (Finlanders of Swedish descent) being one-eighth of the population, and the Finns, who represent seven-eighths.

I hope you will be interested to hear something concerning this little nation of three millions of souls, facing a frowning Russia of 150 millions, living in a territory through which runs the polar circle, a territory of rocks and rapids and trees. They are the most democratic people on the face of the earth, and they have the highest all-round standard of education of any people on the earth; I may almost say they are the most liberty-loving people on the earth and the bravest.

I wish I could say to you that I believe America to be the land of the free; but if I did, I would be only indulging in that dream of make-believe, so peculiar and really alarming in the American character. I have said that my talk on Finland concerns my interest in Economics and Political Science and their attendant subjects. We can do nothing in applied economics without considering our subject carefully.

Economics and Political Science so vitally concern our every-day life that to neglect and ignore their fundamental rules, after all that the experiences of history have taught us, would be to invite Titanic disaster; for when wrong economic conditions exist among a people, and when their laws are adverse to their own interest, then that people is bound to decay. Industrial decay and agricultural decay are followed by educational decay and apathy; and then comes the dark, dark veil of ignorance, followed by blindness.

In Economics and Political Science the What-is, the What-was, and the What-may-be, are the subjects that concern us, not the What-we-would-desire nor the What-we-would-like-to-think. We must part with sham and foolish optimism; we must learn to understand facts.

Finland has a variety of names: the Finns call their land "Suomi," meaning marsh-land;



she has been called "The Land of a Thousand Lakes" (twelve thousand would be nearer the truth); she has been called "The Land of Wood and Water," because she possesses more acres of forestry than any other country in Europe, and her beautiful waterways, including the lakes, form a magnificent network of communication throughout the land. She is entitled to be named "The Land of the Midnight Sun," for in summer she is a land of light, and in winter a seemingly interminable night. She might be called "The Land of Rocks and Rapids"; she is built on granite, and as to rapids, you are never out of their hearing. In the far, far æons ago, in the glacial period, break-away rocks found their way to the low parts of the rivers, and to-day they sing to you from every corner of the country. She might be given the trite name of the "Land of Snow and Ice," though she is not quite so cold as you would think, for the Gulf Stream modifies her temperature somewhat, and her many waterways retain the warmth of a summer sun that influences Old Boreas a little. She might be called "The Land of the Rowan Tree," for among the first things to attract the eye of the summer visitor, be he within the Polar Circle or down in the more temperate zone, are the luxurious red clusters that enrich this predominant tree. She

might be called "The Berry Land," for she is famous for the delicious flavor of her wild strawberries, which are plentiful, and there is also a profusion of other berries. She might be called "The Land of Schools," for the Finns greatly desire knowledge, as their temples of learning testify. She might be called "The Land of Kindness and Hospitality," for everywhere these qualities abound. Someone suggests that she is "A Land where the People are not like other People," because she is no base imitator: she elects to be original and initiative.

But I shall call her "The Land of Brave Men and Women," for the precious treasure of patriotism is strong within her, and she dares to do what you and I would not dare to do to preserve our God-given right of liberty: she believes in Home rule, which means self-taxation.

## CHAPTER II

### AN ACCOUNT OF MY JOURNEY

In Liverpool — Hull to Helsingfors — Finnish Vessel — Katrina — Kalevala — In Helsingfors — The Market — Symbolic Fountain — Drosky Fares — My Hotel — Runeberg's Statue — Finnish Loyalty to Finnish Art — University — Women in the Diet House — Little Steamer Trips — Ekenas — The Methodist Minister — Borga — Tsars who loved Finland — Her Constitution — Development — Russia's changed attitude — Finland's Grief — Bobrikoff, Governor-General — Newspapers in Buttertubs — Meetings — Runeberg's Home — Schauman.

An agreeable way of getting to Finland is by steamer from Hull, England, to Helsingfors, the capital of the country. On a scorching July day last summer I left New York by the White Star Line for Liverpool. On arriving at Liverpool, I found that the semi-weekly steamer for Helsingfors had just sailed, our liner having been detained in the Mersey twelve hours on account of the opening of the new Liverpool dock and the presence of the King in Liverpool.

As the object of my trip was to study, I passed my time visiting places of sociologic and economic interest, among them the Public

Baths, the great Docks, and a magnificent model Soap Factory and Village, Port Sunlight. The son of a grocer decided that he would make soap, and the result was the Port Sunlight soap factory. He began with little or nothing; to-day he bears a title and is purveyor to his Majesty the King.

I shall not forget my first glimpse of the model little steamer *Titania*, which was to carry me peacefully across the North Sea, past the Skager-Rak, through the Kattegat,—where there is a fine view of Elsinore Castle where the “melancholy Hamlet” stayed awhile,—across the Baltic Sea and the Gulf of Finland to Finland.

The *Titania* is a Finnish vessel, captained and manned by Finlanders. It goes without saying that she is kept scrupulously clean and neat, for the Finlanders are among the cleanest people of the earth. The cuisine,—both first and second class,—is above criticism, and the traveler obtains his introduction here to the Smörgås-bord, a side table of little dishes, where is to be found herring, ham, lettuce, radishes, tongue, cucumbers, beets, salmon, tomatoes, potatoes, beer, sardines, bread, cheese, and some edibles unknown to me. These side dishes are to be tested before the regular meal, which is customary in both Sweden and Finland.

My neighbor at the table was a Finnish Lutheran preacher from Michigan, en route to his native land on a visit. He was the president of a School for Finns in Michigan,—a school that is attended by the children of the men who work in the mines of Michigan. And there was also on board a party of young men from Scotland, who left the steamer at Copenhagen, their purpose being to study Danish agriculture.

As I expected to be in Finland at an election for Members of Parliament, I inquired of a young Finn at the next table to me what he thought of the women voters and Members of Parliament in his country.

“I think it is well to let women do as they please,” he answered, “and of course it is pleasant to talk on political questions with women.”

Later, in Helsingfors, I asked a white-capped Norwegian student what he thought of women voters and Members of Parliament, and he replied, “Quite a new type of woman has been evolved,—a type that is not so nice.”

My stateroom mate puzzled me as to her nationality, for I was told she was a Finnish woman. She dressed in bright colors, and was cheery, even lively,—pleasantly lively,—in her manner. She had grey-blue eyes and brown hair. Mentally, I called her “Katrina,” because she “Yah, Yahed” me, although her

build was not that of a German woman. She also used the pretty "Nay, nay," of the Swedes, although she didn't look like a Swede.

We conversed with each other in sign language, helped along by frequent "Yah, yahs," and "Nay, nays," which sometimes ended in spasms of laughter.

Here is a specimen of how we managed. One night I noticed that Katrina was tossing in her berth, which was opposite to mine. Suddenly she sprang out of bed, pushed the electric button, put on her bright red petticoat and threw a little blue cape over her shoulders, and began rummaging for something in her big black bag, which sometimes got over on my side of the room. She drew out a little vial, and then turned on me with a gesticulation by way of explanation. She opened her mouth very wide, pointed her finger to it, shook the bottle righteously, and then placed her fingers over her eyes to let me know that it would help her to go to sleep. "Yah, yah," I consented; "yah, yah,"—seeing that Katrina had been tossing uncommonly that night.

If she had been slovenly in her ways, I might have objected to her being in the room with me; but she possessed all the virtue of cleanliness that is characteristic of these northern European peoples. The clothes in her bag,—

which I couldn't help seeing, for she opened it so often,—were spotlessly clean, as were those in her handboxes too. And her quaint ways amused me.

One day when we were conversing in our usual manner, she indicated to me that she was going to Viborg, which is in the western part of Finland, at the door of Russia. Then it occurred to me that she might be a Karelian Finn.

When the Finns began to immigrate to what afterward became known as Finland it was a body of land without a name. They came from the central part of Russia, near the Volga, having reached that land from Asia. The Tavast Finns,—firm-jawed, patient, dogged (magnificent virtue that, doggedness), enduring, slow, and conservative until awakened,—settled in the western part of Finland, and the Karelian, —light-hearted and brown-haired, poetical, impractical, roving, clever,—settled in the western part. The Tavast Finns, by their larger strength of character, gave to Finland her individuality. The Karelian Finns gave to her her poetry; and the noble epic “Kalevala” has been assigned a place with Homer’s Iliad, the Nibelungenlied, and other great epics. Longfellow borrowed for his Indian legend “Hiawatha” the meter of “Kalevala.”

In approaching Helsingfors, first in point of view, is the Fortress of Sveaborg, on seven Islands, weighted with Russian guns, magazines, and barracks. During the Crimean war England and France allied and tried to destroy it, but they could not. You are told the story that in 1809 the Swedish commander surrendered the fortress to Russia without a gun's having been fired. Why? A mystery.

There are delightful little islands to pass, and charming little boats moving in and out. Everybody makes remarks concerning the finely situated, gold-glittering Russian Cathedral and the more impressive white Lutheran Church.

The steamer lands you before a wide space commanding a full view of the market place, a most interesting spot to visit. Here are piles of fine vegetables and beautiful berries, some in pretty birch-bark baskets,—strawberries, raspberries, blue-berries, blackberries, gooseberries, cranberries, whortleberries, cloud-berries,—and the stacks of meat and bread and fish and flowers and wares for sale in the little stalls and boats convey the impression of a superior agricultural country, when in reality some idea of the poverty of Finland's resources may be expressed by repeating the Finnish proverb that God left Finland out when he was dispensing the gifts of the earth.



Near to the market place is a fountain showing a maiden rising out of the water, which seemed to me symbolic of the fact that Finland is rising out of the sea,—very noticeably so. Her mainland is increasing, new islands are appearing as time moves on, and it has been remarked that Finland and Sweden may some day shake hands.

Among the first things you notice after you have landed in Finland is the number of Russian uniforms, and you will observe, too, that the streets have Finnish, Swedish, and Russian names. To one who cannot afford to ride in carriages in her own land the Finnish drosky is an ever delight; often for twenty cents, and sometimes for ten, you may be transported to your destination. There was no room at the S ocietetshuset Hotel—Society House being a designation frequently used for hotel in Finland,—so I engaged quarters at the Fennia Hotel, across a wide space from the railway station. My single room cost me sixty cents a day,—cheap enough,—but feeling is a nuisance that you cannot escape, in these northern countries in particular, for the “portiers” often pay, instead of receive pay, for their posts and the maids and other attendants are paid very little, and expect you to remember them. At the Fennia Hotel one is served faithfully, and I

can recommend it, for the "portier" speaks English and the attendants are obliging.

When I go to a strange place I like to be led, in my first walk, psychologically along, and I made my way to the statue of Runeberg, which stands in the exquisitely flower-bedded esplanade, the principal and most central thoroughfare of the city. At the foot of the bronze statue of this poet, who was the author of the National Anthem, stands the figure of a woman typifying Finland.

"Scroll and branch in her carven hand,  
What are the words that she ponders dreaming,  
Finland's battle-song 'Our Land!'"

On the anniversary of the birth of the poet the students gather about the statue and sing, while they place upon it offerings of flowers. All over Finland you will notice this beautiful gratitude and loyalty to their own. Every poet, every prose writer, every military hero, every worker for good who has lifted the status of Finland, has been remembered, and scenes from the poets, historic scenes, and legendary scenes are reproduced in the beautiful paintings and decorations on the walls of the public buildings. Busts and monuments enrich the parks and gardens, and if you enter the churches or private homes, be it the home of a peasant



THE ESPLANADE, HELSINGFORS



or of a well-to-do person, you will notice the same beautiful loyalty: Finnish scenes by Finnish artists, books by Finnish authors, busts by Finnish sculptors are to be found in them all.

And this appreciation is material also, for all over Finland are funds to help the worthy along. Alas! my thoughts strayed back to a body of people, several thousands of miles away from me, who have crucified their own poets, prose writers, artists, sculptors, publishing houses, magazine promoters, talent of every kind, with Ishmaelitish indifference.

The visitor to Finland never fails to be pleased with the white velvet caps of the University students, so delightfully expressive of progress, ornamented as they are with laurel wreath and a golden lyre on a black velvet band. When a student graduates a laurel wreath is placed upon his or her head. The University at Helsingfors is well worth a visit. Its massive mahogany doors do not flaunt the words "Closed to Women," and there are to be found a bust of a great Russian Tsar who befriended the University and a frieze showing scenes from the "Kalevala."

The Diet House, where the laws are made, was of particular interest to me as the only Parliament House I had ever seen where women

were permitted to take part. I recall that as I stood gazing up the broad stairway at the entrance a beautiful yellow light shone upon the strong woman in bronze, standing before a massive lion holding in her hand a shield on which the word "Lex" was engraved. There is a delightful red and gold effect throughout the building.

To-day these Finlanders are fighting for their laws, their constitutional rights, fighting with tongue and pen, for on the 15th of February, 1899, was issued the Imperial Manifesto which, if carried out, will destroy,—is destroying,—the autonomy of this little nation, and will cause it to be assimilated by the Russian Empire,—a thought that is poison to the Finnish mind.

There is an allegorical picture in Finland of a woman wrenching from an eagle a large book. The eagle is supposed to typify Russia about to take from Finland her book of laws, and the woman is holding on to it with the tenacity of death. I remember seeing a Russian officer gazing intently at this picture in a book-store window in Helsingfors.

A few days after my arrival in Helsingfors someone suggested a steamer trip to the "idyllic" little town of Ekenas, where there is a seminary for training teachers. They knew a Methodist minister living there who could



SYMBOLICAL PICTURE

Facing page 30





speak English, and they would telephone to him to meet me.

Quite the thing! At 8 o'clock the next morning I was on my way to the "idyllic" little town of Ekenas. It was a "pretty" day, as a North Carolinian would say, and every feature of the trip was interesting,—the little green islands, the boats, the people, the white cairnes that mark the pilot's way.

These little steamer trips throughout Finland are uniformly delightful, often captained by men who have sailed the world over, and who therefore speak English. There are nice little maids to answer your call with a dainty tray of food, and they are glad to do so. The steamers move in and out among the islands, giving you an insight into the island life of Finland, which is the life of the people in summer.

Ekenas came into view at about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. No one being at the wharf to meet me, I strolled along the pier, and onto the road. In a few minutes I met a young man.

"Miss Gray?" he asked.

"Yah, yah; Methodist minister?"

"Methodist minister? Nay; nay Methodist minister."

"I am Miss Gray. Are you the Methodist minister?"

"Nay Methodist minister; nay, nay."

“Who are you, then?” I mentally queried. But as he knew my name I decided it was all right, and got into the drosky, as directed.

In a few minutes the drosky stopped before a pension, and two pleasant-faced ladies met us in the hall; one, with cropped hair, a neighbor doubtless, came in as we were standing there.

We formed a circle and did the sign language.

As time was precious, I signified that I would like to have refreshments, and then take a drive about the town.

After we had had refreshments the drosky came and carried us to the seminary grounds, and then through a nice little park to a fine water view.

I brought up the Methodist minister question again, but I could not understand whatever explanation was offered.

On returning we came to an old church, set in old-fashioned grounds. The young man indicated that we might go in. There was a romantic air about the edifice, a suggestion that there might be old paintings inside, which appealed to me; so I consented.

The young man went into the rectory for the key, and came back with both the key and the preacher.

Sure enough there was a fine painting of the

crucifixion in the building; and there was also an atmosphere well worth enjoying.

Then I suggested to the young man that I would take the 8 o'clock train back to Helsingfors. It was not far from the time for the train, so we strolled toward the station, meeting quite a number of persons in Russian uniforms on the way.

I am not sure, I wouldn't swear to it, but I thought I detected a little gleam of relief in the young man's eye as the train rolled away from the "idyllic" little town of Ekenas.

From that day to this I have never had the opportunity of learning more about the Methodist minister.

My second steamer trip was to Borga, the most captivating little town in Finland.

I was met at the steamer by a delightful Swedish-Finn lady who carried me off in her automobile to see the many interesting things to be seen in Borga. Most interesting of all is the Cathedral, for it was there that the great Tsar Alexander I, of Russia,—God bless him (little thought I before I went to Finland that I would ever say "God bless him" about a Tsar)!—assembled the officials and representatives of Finland in 1809 and commanded his Governor-General to read the following announcement:

“Providence having placed US in possession of the Grand Duchy of Finland, we have desired by the present act to confirm and ratify the religion and the fundamental laws of the land, as well as the privileges and rights to which each class of the said Grand Duchy in particular, and all the inhabitants in general, be their position high or low, have hitherto engaged according to the constitution. We promise to maintain all these benefits and laws firm and unshaken in their full force.”

Then the oaths of allegiance were made, and then the Grand Duke of Finland, the Tsar of the Russias, to the people thereunto assembled, said as follows in French :

“This brave and loyal people will be grateful to that Providence who has brought about the present state of affairs. Placed from this time forward in the rank of nations, governed by its own laws, it will only call to mind its former rulers in order to cultivate friendly relations when these shall have been re-established by peace. And I shall have reaped the best results for my solicitude when I see this nation externally tranquil, internally free, devoting itself to agriculture and industry, under the protection of its laws and of its good manners, and

thus by the very fact of its prosperity doing justice to my intention and blessing its lot."

Over the altar there is a large oil painting showing the signing of the constitution, and a fine bronze statue of the Tsar is near by. As I hearkened, in fancy, to the thrilling words that seemed to resound throughout the sacred building,—words that marked the founding of a nation,—something moved me to step up to the statue and reverently lay at the feet of the great conqueror a red and a white rose.

In 1863 another Tsar gave to Finland a constitution, her own monetary system, and her own military organization; and the beautiful statue of this noble ruler in the Senate Square at Helsingfors is frequently covered with flowers by a grateful people.

Alexander III, too, was fond of the Finns, to the extent that jealousy was excited in his Empire. He loved to hear the students sing their national anthem.

Under the wing of a Power that we are pleased sometimes to term "Barbarous Russia" there has been developed a people the most democratic, the most liberty-loving in the world to-day; and few nations are capable of conducting their own affairs so well. If Russia could do as well with all her peoples, it would be good to live under Russian rule.

But sometimes the green-eyed monster becomes the creator of the "most fit." Russia is in a jealous mood to-day, and members of the Russo-Finnish Committee, formed in Europe to investigate the right and the wrong of the Russo-Finnish conflict, use such phrases as these:

"An Imperial law cannot violate the constitution of a province, for the simple reason that the latter is an integral part of the former."

"It is not the Finnish legislation that determines the scope of Russia's Imperial authority; to the contrary, it is the legislation of Russia, as the sovereign power, that determines the sphere of Finland's special institutions."

"The Imperial power of Russia has never been able . . . to give Finland . . . such an autonomy as runs counter to the phrase 'which forms an inseparable part of the Russian Empire,' or clashes with the doctrine . . . 'the Russian Empire is one and indivisible.' "

"If, in 1809, no need existed for a closer union of the boundary territory with the center . . . should it really follow from this that the Empire ought not in 1909 to embark on measures to effect a closer union between the boundary territory and the center of the Empire, however pressingly Russian interests may demand this; . . . new demands arise."

All these years Russia has lived, yet she has never found out until to-day that she did not believe Finland to be a nation. When the famous manifesto was made known in 1899 the Finlanders met it with grief and indignation; they had already been visited by a bit of news to the effect that the Finnish military organization must be abolished and the Finnish soldiers incorporated into the Russian Army. The people of Finland at once drew up a petition praying his Imperial Majesty to reconsider the matter. It was signed by thousands of people, with sorrowful hearts.

Gaiety ceased; women went into mourning, shops were closed, and the statue of Alexander II wore a crêpe band.

There are no books on government as thus applied,—save those of Locke and Rousseau,—that do not teach that Might is Right. Russia is too small; she needs more territory, and civilisation must die in order that she may get what she wants.

Destruction began. Rather than be conscripted into the Russian Army, thousands upon thousands of Finns left the country; in one year,—1909,—as many as 29,364 left. The Finns have formed a habit of emigrating, though it is no longer necessary for them to enter the Russian Army.

To increase the trouble, one Bobrikoff was made Governor-General of the country, and his policy was anything but right. The Finns manifested their disapproval: when it was necessary to use Russian stamps they placed Finnish stamps by the side of them,—black, showing the red arms of Finland; when the newspapers in Finland are forbidden to discuss questions a paper is published in Sweden and is sent over to Finland *incognito*, some say in butter-tubs. All over the land are held meetings where the kerchief women and aristocrats sit side by side. “We thought we must educate them,” one lady said to me, “so that they may be able to think for themselves.”

When the Governor-General appeared in the streets the Finns found something to do on the sidewalk opposite; when they were ordered to do things that conflicted with their fundamental laws they preferred to go to prison; neither censorship nor prison bars can frighten a Finn. They broke into the houses of Russians who were living in Finland and made them put out their lights. The spirit of “Liberty” was working in them,—the spirit of the divine Right of Man.

At length, on a summer day, June 16, 1904, the Russian Bobrikoff was removed from their



midst, and he who fired the shot lodged a bullet in his own body a moment afterward.

But we have tarried long enough in the hallowed cathedral of Borga, in which Finland was invested with nationhood, for there is the Museum to visit and other sights to be seen. What most impressed me in the Museum was the glass case, showing several uniforms of the Finnish Military, for which organisation the bugle-call will sound no more. From the Museum we went to the last home of Runeberg, the patriot poet, who wrote the national anthem. There one sees a looking-glass arranged on the wall at the foot of the bed upon which he died,—arranged so that the poet could watch the birds outside on the window-ledge eating the food placed there for them, for the bed was set facing the wall in order to protect his eyes from the glare.

We went in an automobile to the cemetery. Everywhere, as we go, are delightful water views. At the poet's grave I placed a red and a white rose, and on the granite steps of the monument to Eugen Schauman, the youth who "fired the patriotic shot," I also reverently put a red and a white rose.

Schauman's picture is to be found in the homes of the Finns, with the descriptive words: "He gave his life for his people."

## CHAPTER III

### COUNTRY LIFE

Borga — Little Red Farm-houses — Homes of the Gentry — Dairying — Peasant Interest in Public Affairs — “Savijärvi” — The Finnish Bath — Peasant Proprietors — Electioneering — A Woman Candidate — Politics over the Tea-cups — How Woman Suffrage Came — The Kerchief Women.

At Borga there is a fine natural tower, a great boulder of granite, and there are many such places all over Finland. From them one may see many magnificent views, and there is a long, long road through a pretty farm country of firs and pines and birches, and there are stone-hills out of which the birches and pines and firs appear to be growing. There are stacks of hay and growing oats, and little red farm-houses, some with black roofs, some with red; and then there is the beautiful country home of a Swedish-Finn family,—“Savijärvi.”

Life in a country home of the gentry class is the same in Finland as it is elsewhere. Perhaps there is more *al fresco* living in Finland, for the people literally live out of doors in

their precious summer moments. The landscape shows a rolling country with boulders of rock and water pictures, and with birches and pines and firs crowded in. Then there are pretty flower beds, a park, and glimpses of busy haymakers.

Dairying being the second great industry of Finland, it was interesting to visit the stables where were to be found fine cattle and horses. The tenant system is practised here, and there is also the laborer who is paid for his work. Finnish peasants are fond of reading, and as I passed a circle of them sitting on the grass at the noon hour one was reading a newspaper to a responsive audience. We were on our way to a laborer's cottage where bread was being made,—Finnish bread, the prevailing kind used by the peasants, being in the shape of a big ring with a hole in the middle, to permit of its being strung across in the room. The bread is sometimes baked twice a week, but often it is baked only twice a year.

At "Savijärvi" I made the acquaintance of the Finnish bath. Every house has its "sauna" or bath-house, which is arranged something like this: a fire is made in an oven which heats a pile of stones, over which water is poured; and the steam rising heats the bath-house to something like boiling heat. In the evening, after

the harvest, come the peasants,—men, women, and children, some of them clothed only in their skins (the Finlanders are not ashamed of their skin),—and take their places on the tiers of benches along the walls. They switch themselves and each other vigorously with birch switches, dipped in steaming water to soften them, after which comes scrubbing and rubbing,—the massage,—and perhaps a run for a dip in the lake, or, if it be winter, a roll in the snow. I have not given a complete description. You must go over to Finland and sample the Finnish bath for yourself, and you will find that you have never been clean before; at least, that is what they say. In summer the peasants bathe every evening; in winter, every Saturday. The family at the big house take their baths at other times, and heating the bath-house is quite a business.

One afternoon I learned what a “peasant proprietor” is, and then I knew why a land is rich that includes many or any of the “bonder class” in its population. There is a satisfaction in the well-to-do air that pervades one of their farms, from the superior farm-house to the fine stable with its well-kept cows. A peep into the dwelling shows a spinning-wheel and a Grandfather’s clock, and home-made things a-plenty, and tiled chimneys.

One of these peasant proprietors, although well-to-do and having a brother who follows a profession, always signs "peasant" after his name. He is proud of it. He is hale and hearty and peasant-faced, albeit he could buy you out mayhap. The other was proprietoed by a widow. In the hall, hanging on the rack, I noticed a little white velvet cap with the laurel wreath and lyre. I was told that one of the daughters had been to a dairy school to prepare herself to take care of cows and the other to an agricultural school to prepare herself for caring for poultry.

Dairying is the principal business on these farms, although wood is sold from them, and vegetables are raised,—the same as we have: beets, potatoes, peas, onions, pie-plant, asparagus, tomatoes, and cabbages.

But electioneering is on in Helsingfors—all over Finland for that matter. I hadn't been thirty-six hours in the most northernmost little capital of Europe before I was talking politics over the teacups with a lady who was a candidate for election. I met a number of these fine women, so splendidly wide-awake, yet with no disagreeably antagonising assertiveness in their manners. Indeed, the Finland women are in the political world because the men found they couldn't do without them. Their being

there came about naturally. In the early days of their sorrow, when the Russian Tsar intimated by manifesto his desire to destroy them, they showed such amazing capability that when the Tsar changed his autocratic mind,—changed it for a while, at least,—the women were already in the political world, and adult suffrage was a mere matter of happening, sanctioned by the Tsar of all the Russias.

The several political meetings I attended I cherish as among my most agreeable memories of Finland. Although the language was Greek to me, there was generally someone present who could give me the gist of the talk; and then there was in the atmosphere an indefinable something that said to me: “It is well!”

Nothing interested me more at these meetings than to watch the keen, penetrating,—I may almost say analytical,—faces of the peasant women of Finland,—the Kerchief women, the women who go barefoot in their round of work, who wear cotton clothes, who put handkerchiefs over their heads and tie them under their chins. They are not pretty, these Kerchief women of Finland; there is nothing coy about them, nothing simple-minded, but better than that, they are strong in mind and body.

In a country district the person that makes speeches for a candidate is asked over and over

again by these women, "Has she the courage to stand out against Russia?" And when they are satisfied that she has the courage to say "No" to Russia, then they decide to vote for her. One of them remarked that it seemed strange to her now that women did not always have the vote.

"What do you say to them?" I asked a candidate of the Swedish National party. She replied: "That we must first of all stand for our constitutional rights, fight for them; that if we once give way, it will be almost impossible to retrieve. If you build a house of five stories you must see to it first that the ground upon which you build it is safe. I tell them that the duty of every Finnish citizen is first of all to stand against Russian encroachments. And then I tell them that we, the Swedish-speaking Finns, must think of our nationality and send the best people to the Diet to defend our Swedish-speaking people."

## CHAPTER IV

### FINLAND'S INTERNAL CONFLICT

Population — Finnish-Finns and Swedish Finns — Language —  
Political Parties — Women in Parliament — Women  
Bankers, Barbers, Station-masters — “Uncle Tom’s Cabin”  
— “The Workmen’s House” — Cooking — Garden-Schools  
— Women Voting.

And now I will tell you something about the internal conflict of Finland. You remember I said there was a population in Finland of one-eighth Swedish-speaking people and seven-eighths Finnish-speaking people. Until within the last few decades the Swedish-speaking people ruled the land. It was a case of one-eighth knowledge, representing power, ruling seven-eighths ignorance, representing blindness. The Finns proper were the working class, and they had not the knowledge nor the power to see that they were not masters in their own land. On the other hand the Swedes, belonging to the conquering people, got the early start, which Economics teaches us means so much.

Naturally enough, the language of the con-



quering people became the language of the government, of the University, of polite society in Finland, and the language of the conquered became a language of contempt. But one day, as it were, the Finns woke up from their deep sleep of centuries, and led by a few great souls, they have learned to appreciate and love their own language, their own poetry, their own history and traditions, their own things.

And to-day in Finland it is "Finland for the Finns"!

They appeared suddenly, like the Huns of old, at the door of the University and demanded that the Finnish language should be used in the University. They knocked at the door of the Government, and demanded that the Finnish language should be used there and in the schools. To-day they demand that the Finnish language shall be the national language of Finland, that it shall be used in the government, in the schools, in the streets,—everywhere. As one of them said to me: "We admire the Swedes more than any other people; we admire their culture and their character, but this is Finland. When it comes to the question to whom does Finland belong we know it is to the Finns."

And these Swedish-Finns, a noble body of people, feel themselves ill-treated.

“Our descendants will speak Finnish,” I heard one of them say sorrowfully.

The Finns do not forget that the Swedes brought their language into contempt and fought against its rise as hard as ever they could. There are many things that they remember. The quarrel was a bitter one, but when Russia’s devastating hand threatened them both, they stood side by side against her,—neither party, however, weakening in its convictions.

There are four principal political parties in Finland. I will give them in their numerical order,—Social-Democratic, Old Finn, Young Finn, and Swedish.

One afternoon I took tea with a Young Finn on a pretty begoniaed gallery that overlooks a magnificent water view, where loomed several Russian battle-ships.

“How beautiful your flowers are,” I remarked.

“Yes,” she answered; “it just shows what women who vote can do. I just stuck those cuttings in the ground and they grew. Here’s another example of what women who vote can do,” and she handed me a dish of cakes that she herself had made.

“How do you like those Russian battle-ships over yonder?” I asked.

"I never look at them, and I never have them in my pictures," and she handed me a photograph of the view we were admiring, in which there were no battle-ships. "But I believe there are many people in Russia who sympathise with us. They believe the 'Tsar is weak, afraid.'"

"You Finland women are wonderful; you are in everything," I said, between sips of tea. "I passed a barber's shop the other day and saw a woman cutting a man's hair. I counted nine women in the bank that your party founded. You may purchase a railway ticket from a woman,—you. How is it all going to turn out?"

"That is a question of the future,—how the children are going to grow up when both parents go out to work. There is a family here,—both parents go out to work,—and one day their little girl fell from the third-story window."

"Horrible!" I exclaimed, hastily putting my teacup on the table.

"But she didn't lose a hair of her head," quickly replied that lady of the Young Finn party. "There are women who stay at home, too, whose children fall out of windows. Isn't it so?"

One afternoon I "tea-d" with a doctor of

philosophy, a brainy woman, a writer of books, and the editor of a paper,—a woman who had run four times for Parliament, and four times had been defeated. The trouble was that she was not sufficiently partisan in her feelings. In her composition there was a mixture of Swede, Finn, French, and Russian.

We were sitting in a large drawing-room where there were large paintings on the wall. Once, when I looked up suddenly from my tea-cup, I found her gazing intently at me. These Finlanders are a thinking people,—inquisitive, speculative, eager to know. They are a “study.” My eyes questioned her.

“Was what Mrs. Beecher Stowe said in ‘Uncle Tom’s Cabin’ true?” she replied, speaking slowly and feelingly. “How I have wept and wept over that book!! It was published first in Swedish; there are two translations of it in Finnish,—one for grown people, one for children. The little children begin to read it when they are ten years old; they read it more than any other book. I translated the children’s book. I never met but one other person from the Southern American States,—a lady from Tennessee,—and you are like her; I recognise the type, entirely different from that of the Northern States. Climate makes a differ-

ence in people. That lady told me that the story was not true to life."

My thoughts traveled reluctantly back to the book and its horrible subject.

"A little of it was true,—a little of it," I replied. "But don't believe what New England writes about the South. She has been persecuting the Southern people ever since they gave up so much to get her out of her troubles with England. Mrs. Beecher Stowe had never been in the South when she wrote that book. Why did the New Englanders never lift their voices against the slave-ships that went out of New England docks to engage in the horrible middle passage?—And their rum trade? Because it has always been the endeavor of New England to deceive the world as to New England vices. Gain is their God."

"But Charles Dickens?" she asked.

"He stopped in Boston before he came South," I replied; "and can't you just see the Yankees slandering the South to him?"

A huge grey granite mass standing on the brink of the water in the Industrial center of Helsingfors had for some time interested me. It is the "People's Palace," the "Workmen's House," the headquarters of the "Social-Democratic" Party.

Thither I directed my way on a silvern afternoon. I had heard there was to be a meeting there. Among the men and women, old and young, moving about the place I could find none who could interpret my jargon, so I made as complete a survey of the place as I could without an interpreter. I traveled from the base of the building to the top and peeped into all the open rooms; the immense Assembly Hall, the largest in Finland, was closed, so evidently I had made a mistake about the meeting. But the best part of the building was open. I saw several young women push through an open door, so I pushed through too, and found myself in—a model kitchen. A delightful, smiling person,—the head of the department,—came forward to greet me, and I indicated to her my desire to look around. Everything was clean and neat. There were large ranges on which there were apples and prunes and other good things, and there were also pails of rich cream. After a while she took me to a little slide window through which I could see Socialism feeding.

Aristotle has given cooking a prime place on the pages of his Political Science, and without doubt we would be living on a higher plane of civilization to-day if we would regard cooking as important as reading, writing, spell-

ing, and arithmetic. In a garden school that I visited in Finland little boys as well as girls were being taught to cook.

I was returning to my domicile when I saw from the street-car window a crowd of people in Kajsaniemi Park,—the People's Park. They were on an elevation at one point of which was a brilliant red flag. It goes without saying that I dismounted and made my way over to the flag.

It was an orderly, still crowd, I found, of men and women and children of from twelve up, and I could not help noticing the keenness of the faces of them all. A woman was speaking,—was it a woman? The voice was strong, the language deliberate, flowing. I made my way through a little rift. No; it was not a woman speaking. Underneath a man's straw hat I saw a round, intellectual, spirituelle face; beneath the face, a man's collar, shirt, cravat, and below that a man's long coat. I had not seen such easy gestures in any speaker for a long time. I had been standing there, charmed, for several minutes when I saw peeping from beneath the long coat an inch and a half of—petticoat.

The next speaker was a man of singular appearance, a little beneath medium size, spare, nervous, pale-faced, with piercing black intel-

ligent eyes. He stood for several minutes, glancing restlessly about him, and then began a speech that I could see was to be altogether out of the ordinary. Afterward I learned that he was a well-known Socialist, an idealist,—afraid of nothing. He had been in prison several times, and had taken part in a Revolution.

There is a party in Finland which believes that Finland's only hope is to fight for liberty along with the Russian Nihilists.

Later, in London, I met a Revolutionary Finn, a woman with an inspired face, who explained to me the meaning of "Revolutionist" in Russia,—one who is opposed to the present Russian government. "Some day," she said, "there will be a Revolution in Russia the most terrible that the world has ever known. But our most powerful weapon is education, which is stronger than any Dreadnought."

I thought of the schools of Finland, of its beautiful civilization that Russia is bent on sapping; she will sap, sap, sap, until apathy sets in, and then decay. O God, that such power should be!

Perish the thought that I should neglect to tell you that I learned how to vote in Finland. The day was pleasant, the streets quiet as on a Sunday, when I started out to find a voting-place.



Down near Senate Square I noticed some people going into a nice-looking building,—there are so many nice-looking buildings in Finland. They seemed to be husbands and wives going in together, then there were others who were alone. Some of them belonged to the first rank of people, some to the second, and some were of the Kerchief class. I went into the hall and joined the line,—not a very long one. When I reached the voting-room I told the official at the door that I was a stranger who would like to observe the voting, and a little lady, stepping out of the line, said, “Come with me; I speak a little English,” and she explained to the official what we wished to do.

We entered a delightful hall, in the center of which was a long table, and my new-found friend presented her name to the first man to whom we came, and he looked for it in the catalogue of cards. Then we moved on to another gentleman who handed her a long paper, and then we went into one of the little screened desks and she put a red mark opposite the name of the person for whom she wished to vote. “That is all there is to do,” she said. There was no crowd, no crush; the place was as silent as a house of prayer.

When we got outside I told her that I had come all the way from the cotton land of Amer-

ica to learn how to vote, and that she had shown me how, whereupon we shook hands cordially.

The other voting-place that I saw was in the Athenæum building, and it was conducted in the same orderly way.

## CHAPTER V

### TOURING FINLAND

Finnish Railways — Finnish Scenery — Kotka, Timber-Port — Saw-Mills — Paper Factories — Chip-Hill Women — Viborg — Katrina — In St. Petersburg — Passport — In a Hospital — Home-Rule for Finland and Poland — Saima Canal — Imatra — State Guards the Falls — Tallulah's Fate — Passing of Southern Wonders of Nature into Alien Hands — Nyslott — Knight Erik's Castle — Effect of Subjection on Character of a People — Swimming — Punkaharju — Delightful Trips — "False Oath Line" — Kuopio — In a Finnish Home — Why Finland may hold her own against Russian Domination — Finnish Organizations — Encouragement of Patriotism — How Peasant and Aristocrat work together for Finland's Weal.

The danger of touring a foreign country, without a knowledge of the language, and alone, had been presented to me before I left America. There was no flaw in the logic of my advisers and they will admit that they were listened to attentively. Nevertheless, equipped with a light, Finnish pine-root bag, a Finnish phrase book, and some other paraphernalia of travel, I one day set out across the wide space that separates the Fennia Hotel from the railway station. A kind Finn met me at the train,

and brought me a little Finnish birch-bark basket filled with nice things.

My itinerary was to begin and end in Helsingfors,—the capital of the country,—and it included: a peep into Russia, a trip through the famous Saima Canal, shooting the rapids, touching the Arctic Circle, thence down through the Provinces that border the Gulf of Bothnia.

But before the whistle blows I would like to tell you something about the Finnish railways.

The Finnish railways are usually owned by the State, and the only drawback to them is that they are slow, the average speed being twenty-six miles an hour, though it is sometimes forty. Wood is used as fuel. Some time in the 'sixties, Finnish progress began, and Finnish railways are of comparatively recent date. The people are now beginning to demand greater speed.

Everyone travels second class. Compared with those in America and England, the cars are delightfully comfortable. There is an agreeable feeling that comfort and not money is the object,—a feeling that the Government was instituted for the people,—not that the people are tied together for the glory of territory, with the power and wealth all drawn into a heap, as in huge, overgrown countries like Russia, the United States, China, and India.

The seats, which are upholstered in mottled grey plush, are arranged like those in our Pullman sleepers, facing each other; but on one side of the aisle they are made to hold three persons, and on the other side only one.

The sleeping berths are in compartments, there being two berths in each compartment, with mirror and wash-basin, which affords a satisfactory privacy. In the little hall that runs along one side of the car are narrow seats that may be let down easily, so that you may observe from the expansive windows a panorama of views as the train speeds along. The third class coaches are finished entirely in light wood, and are similar to the second class coaches in arrangement.

It was a pretty country through which the train sped. There were birches, and pines, and firs, and ashes, and alders, and aspens, and there were hayfields galore, and beautiful water views, and piles and piles and piles again of logs and lumber. Timber is one of the great resources of Finland.

My first stopping-place was Kotka, the largest port for exporting timber in Finland, which is situated on the Kymmene River, down which, from the forests of the interior, float many hundreds of thousands of great logs during the open season. When she numbered a

million logs, Kotka used to celebrate; now she cannot spare the time for celebrations.

A drosky for fifteen cents conveyed me to the Tourist Hotel, beautifully situated, overlooking the harbor, and clean, comfortable, and cheap. The atmosphere was propitious, being soft and silvery, and I sat at my evening meal where I could look out over a marine view,—a view that presented a great sawmill at the left, a tiny island with a clubhouse in the center, and small boats plying about, and afar out barges and lighters loaded with timber.

The next morning I was shown over one of the largest sawmills in the world,—a mill that operates in connection with a factory for the manufacture of pulp, large quantities of which are sent to England for the making of paper. Indeed, pulp promises to be the leading industry of Finland, owing to her plentiful forests and water power and to the depletion of the forests in other parts of the world. Even America is calling for Finnish pulp.

There are a goodly number of paper factories in Finland, too. Russia is largely dependent upon Finland for paper, there being very few waterfalls within her boundaries proper, and one of the reasons why Russia has not assimilated the Finnish tariff is because of

the objections made by the paper-makers of Russia.

The sawmills in Finland are usually built on the water's edge. It was interesting to watch the great logs at the end of their voyage as they were being guided apparently without effort,—with just a touch of a forked pole,—from the water into the inclined framework that conveyed them to the factory, whence they were soon to emerge in the manufactured state. In one large room I noticed women working on the smaller pieces of lumber, and in another room they were baling paper with all the speed of practice.

A large hill of chips, about three stories in height, had attracted my notice before I entered the building. At the top and on the sides of this hill were women raking down the chips, which were being precipitated automatically from the building, and which eventually would be used for making pulp.

The twelve o'clock whistle blew before we came out, and when I looked for the chip-hill women they were gathered around the chip-hill near the top, eating their midday meal. I waved them an adieu to which they responded.

The Russian fleet now and then visits Kotka's waters; and outside of the town is a little

cottage where good Alexander II was sometimes pleased to rest awhile.

Toward Viborg my thoughts were now directed,—Viborg, a timber town, too, on a beautiful busy harbor, sitting like an unafraid queen with Saint Petersburg five hours away. Viborg has a castle, and she has a baronial estate that all visitors take a look at, “*Mon Repos*”; and she has the proverbial market space, with a big round tower in the center, which some unaccredited soul has nicknamed “*The Fat Katerina*.”

That reminds me! Who should I run into in Viborg but “*Katrina*,” my roommate on the steamer to Helsingfors. She rushed up to me in her vivacious way—I shouldn’t wonder if *Katrina* has some Slav blood in her veins—and we stood “*Yah, yahing*” and “*Nay, nay-ing*” each other quite like old times. Suddenly she ceased, and lifting a teacup-shaped hand to her lips as she looked toward a restaurant, indicated to me that she would like me to take a cup of tea with her. But time was pressing me hard and it was late, and the next morning I was to enter the dominions of the Tsar. *Katrina* looked ruefully at me. I was conscious of presenting a meek appearance; to tell the truth, I was feeling ill.

Before retiring I asked the lady of the



manor who speaks a *leetle* English, as many Finlanders do, if there was an English speaking doctor in the town. "Nay, nay,"—she knew of none. Then the best thing would be to go on to St. Petersburg in the morning; there would of course be English-speaking people in St. Petersburg.

Day at last dawned; the hotel was near the station. A little Finn boy carried my bag, and a kind-faced Russian officer gave me his place in the car, so that I could have a lounge to rest upon all the way of my journey. There were two stops,—one at Terijoki, the Finnish Customs Station; the other at Bieloostroff, the Russian Customs Station,—at which I unconsciously raised my head, as my desire to observe asserted itself. Somehow Customs Stations always make me shiver; they bring before me the image of James Madison, for the economic decay of the wealthy Southern Communities began with the United States Customs Houses, which have been operated ever since their beginning for the benefit of a people living in a different section from them.

Instead of going sightseeing in St. Petersburg, I went immediately to the American Consul to inquire for an English-speaking doctor. Yes, there was one. Had I a passport. "No."

—"Then you are liable to be arrested this afternoon."

Before I left Helsingfors the Consul there had written to St. Petersburg to ask for one for me. The answer came back: "I don't see how Miss Gray got into Finland if she hadn't a passport. She certainly cannot come into Russia without one."

He spoke of an emergency passport from the American Ambassador.

"But I only intended passing the day here," I said; "and I wasn't going near the hotels." The truth is, I hadn't exactly realised the passport business.

"You cannot stay in St. Petersburg to-night without a passport," he said.

In a few minutes I was on my way in a drosky to the doctor's.

He was about to accompany me to the hospital when a telephone message came: "Miss Gray must go *at once* to the American Ambassador's for a passport."—Mind you, I could scarcely hold up my head.

I managed to get into a drosky and the drosky man was directed to drive to the American Ambassador's. We drove along for an interminable time,—or so it seemed to me,—crossed the historic Neva, and passed the statue of Peter the Great and many notable

buildings, some with golden domes lighting the sky.

Suddenly the drosky man stopped stark still. He couldn't find the American Ambassador's.

I indicated to him with a little wave of my umbrella to move on. He moved on. When we came to a hotel I indicated to him with a little punch of my umbrella to stop. He stopped.

"American Ambassador?" I said to the man who stood there to open carriage doors. He looked blankly at me and shook his head. Just then someone drove up, and he understood that I wanted to go to the American Ambassador's, so in the course of an hour I was driving back to the doctor, and he took me to the hospital.

"You must have that passport sent down to the police to-night," were the words of advice, as it was handed to me. The police never saw it.

What a blessing it was that Katrina had taught me sign language! Not a nurse could speak English. I know they blessed me, for on the afternoon of the third day the doctor brought me the Russian Year Book translated into English, so that I could obtain some statistics I had asked for. At the back was a lit-

the vocabulary in English and Russian. When the little maid presented herself later I was ready with "*Preeneseeti tchaineeek tchaiyah pozhalooeesta,—Da.*" That is the way she had said "Yes" to me, "*Da.*" "Bring me a pot of tea, please,—yes."

Shall I ever forget how pleased she was? A peculiarly charming expression began at the corners of her mouth, traveled slowly up to the roots of her hair, gaining in brilliancy and loveliness the while, and seeming to spread over her whole person. She was Eve when Eve for the first time saw herself in the mirrored waters.

On the fourth day I did a little sightseeing; on the fifth I called at the American consul's.

"How do you like St. Petersburg?"

"It depresses me."

"Oh, of course, with your experience, but you should see it from the Hôtel de l'Europe."

"I'll have lunch there and leave on an afternoon train for Viborg."

Certainly St. Petersburg did look different from the Hôtel de l'Europe, and the several miles drive to the station was pleasant, as the sun played upon the spires of St. Peter and St. Paul, the glittering dome of St. Isaacs, the tiny shrines, and the crowds. Three wonderfully imaginative paintings presented them-

selves to me as the Alexander Musée came into view (a guide book had directed me to them),—the “Creation,” the “Ninth Wave,” and the “Deluge.”

But oh, St. Petersburg *is* depressing,—heavy! So back to little Finland, with her three millions of souls thirsting for knowledge; away from Russia with her one hundred and fifty millions craving bejewelled buildings!

But there are lessons to be learned in St. Petersburg;—the ivory and wood-work done by Peter the Great typifies a busy life.

One word more before I leave St. Petersburg.

“What do you think of the Russo-Finnish conflict?” I asked a European of high intelligence, a resident there.

“Oh, I haven’t thought much about it.”

“Of course; it doesn’t hurt you.”

“I think she will get what she wants.”

“How?”

“Evolution.”

“When?”

“Inside of ten years I think both Poland and Finland will have Home Rule.”

Glorious wave of liberty that is spreading throughout the world! May it become epidemic! For Home Rule means self-taxation, and that group of people that is taxed against

its consent, and for the benefit of other groups, is in a state of slavery.

Now I was to travel to one of the most beautiful objects of nature in Europe, by way of Viborg,—the Falls of Imatra.

Viborg is a gate city. From there many tourists enjoy a little run over to Sordavala, which is on Lake Ladoga, the largest lake in Europe. On an island in Lake Ladoga there is a quaint Russian monastery that is worth a visit. Sordavala, which is in Finland, has a large training school for teachers, an institution to be admired, but Russia is desiring its discontinuance for fear the Russians may suffer by its influence. Big Russia, with her 789 illiterates out of every 1,000; little Finland, with her 5 out of every 1,000.

The pleasantest way of reaching Imatra is by way of the Saima Canal, a fine piece of engineering work to be accredited to Nils Ericson, brother of the Ericson who constructed the *Monitor*. There are thirty-seven miles of lake and canal scenery famous for its beauty, and there are twenty-eight granite locks. The lakes rise 256 feet above the gulf.

Unfortunately the clouds began to lower before the little steamer left the wharf at Viborg, and it rained steadily until Lock Rättijärvi came into view. There I left the steamer for

a twenty-six-miles automobile trip to the Falls.

Until the automobile started my spirits were in keeping with the clouds. Not a soul on board could understand English, and as the stops were not called out I was in fear that the steamer would carry me beyond my destination. But what an exhilarating ride that was through a country delightfully Finnish,—hay-fields and little red houses, and great granite boulders, and fir trees. When the roar of the raging, mad beauty could be heard I was impatient to see what so many have praised.

Standing at the foot of the cliff, you may lift your eyes from the infuriated rapids to a far-away body of water, having a surface as placid as a midsummer night's dream. It is when the waters of ten hundred lakes find themselves impeded between impassable cliffs that they become untamable.

The State, jealous of its treasure, keeps guard over Imatra. No ruthless destroyer could purchase it at any price. Oh let us learn at the feet of Europe to appreciate our own wonders of Nature! The fate of Tallulah came before me as I stood there—at Imatra; and I prayed that the men of Georgia would become as the men of Finland, awake to the sacred duty of saving for the children of the

State the property that belongs to them. Stone Mountain has gone, the Peaks of Otter, Natural Bridge; even Jamestown Church went, but was returned as a gift. And are we the better off for this mad absorption of our most valuable properties by alien capital?

I offer a challenge. Study Finland, study Norway, study Denmark, Switzerland, Sweden, England, Germany, France,—any civilised country,—and prove to me, if you can, that the women and children of the Southern States of the American Union in comforts, in opportunities for study, for travel, for making a living, in the standard of living, do not average lower than any of them. And this is the richest country in the world!

Another fine view of Imatra can be had from the bridge, looking down. Several suicides have occurred there; one occurred recently,—that of a student. I asked what had caused these people to take their own lives, and I was told that they were people who had become despondent because of troubles,—troubles that perhaps had been brought on because some of their relations had been thrown into prison by Russian orders, probably for refusing to break the laws of their land.

There are magnificent falls four miles from Imatra, — “Vallinkoski,” — “Koski” meaning



rapids. They, too, are owned by the State, and the land about them is kept as a National Park.

Afterward there was for me a little railway journey, and then a trip on a neat little steamer upon which a moonlight night was to be passed, and then I reached Nyslott, one of the nicest towns in Finland.

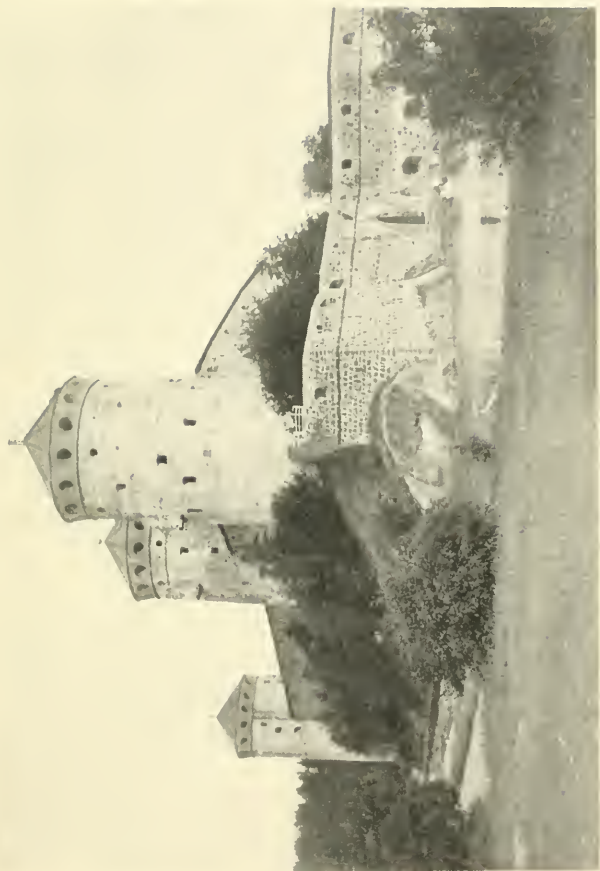
My first visit in Nyslott was to a romantic old castle, which Knight Erik Tott had caused to be built as a shield against Russia, and to "overawe" the conquered Finns, who had not then become accustomed to their masters, the Swedes. Belonging to that unfortunate class of people who have been overcome in war, it was not likely that I would have any sympathy with Knight Erik's desire.

Have you ever noted the effect of subjection upon the character of a conquered people? Little by little they become subdued, and then they are in danger of losing their manliness, unless something happens to arouse them. Philosophers have observed that subject peoples may become in time accustomed to severe taxation imposed upon them by their conquerors, and that they sometimes even grow fond of those who degrade them. Conquered peoples nearly always become slow in action and perception. The Finns, however, when con-

quered by Russia, maintained their usual characteristics; and perhaps the same may be said of the people of South Africa, where the conquered peoples are given the right of making laws to suit their economic conditions.

But Knight Erik's castle is certainly the most romantic place in Finland, and it was delightful to step into a little boat, under a cloudless sky, and be rowed across,—some two hundred feet,—into the 12th century. After a pleasant hour at the castle, which is cared for by the State, I returned, and for five cents was drawn in a drosky up to a nice little pension kept by two ladies who could speak English.

Nyslott was one of the pleasant spots of my tour in Finland. It is situated, Venice-like, on water, with beautiful views everywhere, and it is famous for its bathing facilities. These Finns are certainly as fond of water as any people in the world. One day we crossed the river in a little rowboat to a dear little vegetable garden; when we came back one of the ladies stood up in the boat all the way and kept her equilibrium perfectly. Indeed, it is not unusual to see men standing erect, arms folded, in the little boats that come walloping up to the steamers. Everybody swims in Finland, and the little children begin their lessons when they are very young.



KNIGHT ERIK'S CASTLE AT NYSLOTT







WOODLAND SCENERY—PUNKAHARJU

Facing page 73

Nyslott, like every other town in Finland, has a museum. This one was commenced by a country doctor who gave his collection to the town. I was particularly interested in a large white owl and some ice-birds, such as come down every spring and sit on the edge of the ice. These museums start in medium-sized rooms, and little by little the collections increase until large buildings are required for them.

Next to Imatra perhaps Punkaharju is the spot in Finland most famous for its beauty. It, too, belongs to the State, and there is a large area of country with it.

Punkaharju is a ridge of land about four miles in length, two hours ride by steamer from Nyslott. These narrow ridges of Finland are poetically beautiful. Up their banks grow tall columns of stately pines; the air at the top is gloriously invigorating, and it goes without saying that the views of the water from them are charming.

Fortunately for the traveler, there are nice little hotels everywhere throughout Finland.

My route was a succession of delightful trips by boat, past pretty farms and villas, for the world of Finland lives in the country during the summer months, and consequently the towns have an exceedingly lonesome aspect. As the

captains of the boats as a general rule speak English, I enjoyed frequent talks with them.

“Do you see that line over yonder on the rocks?” said the captain of the *Heinävesi*, bound for Kuopio. “That is called the False Oath Line. The water was as high as that the year Nicholas II broke his oath. He promised to keep the Finnish constitution.” The captain’s eyes were agleam with patriotism, and he laughed gleefully, as pointing again to the offending sign, he cried: “And in years to come the little children will point to the False Oath Line and say, ‘See the False Oath Line, Nicholas II broke his word that year.’ Russia is trying to govern all the nationalities with the same laws,” continued the captain; “and she can’t do it. But only a revolution will help Finland. In the Japanese war the Russian prisoners were made to learn to write; there is scarcely a person in Finland who cannot read and write, except very old people.”

The Finlanders think a great deal of what posterity will think. A Swedish-Finn lady told me about an aged gentleman, a lawyer, eighty years old, who was carried off to prison by Russian authorities because he would not break the laws of Finland. He was ill at the time, and the police came to his house at six o’clock in the morning, and against the wishes of the



doctor took him to prison. She said: "It was better that he should go to prison than break the laws of Finland, and it was better for history, too, for the little children will read that their ancestors were good and brave."

At about eight in the morning Kuopio, the most prettily situated little city in Finland, came in view.

There was an agreeable surprise for me in Kuopio: soon after my arrival I went automobiling to the delightful home of a Finnish family to enjoy the atmosphere that I appreciate most. Soon after I had arrived I saw in the drawing-room a large painting of Finnish scenery. About the room, on pedestals, were busts of the three men who led the national awakening movement,—Runeberg, author of "Our Land"; Snellman, Finland's philosopher, who wrote "The Science of the State," and Lönnrot, who collected the folk-runes of Finland and compiled the "Kalevala." On the table was a collection of geological stones which I knew would some day find their way to the Museum.

In the Library, with its complete collection of Finnish books, was a bust of the greatest Finnish historian, Yrjö Koskinen, who was also a great statesman, the author of the "Leading Ideals of the History of Mankind."

He had a Swedish name which he translated into Finnish, meaning rapids-man,—Koskinen. Thousands of Finns are now taking their Finnish names back again, out of pure patriotism, or,—when their original Finnish family name has been forgotten,—adopting new ones.

Here is one of the few instances in history of a conquered people who after years of subordination have conquered their conquerors.

An aggregate of circumstances made this possible. In the first place, their land was too poor to draw to it covetous eyes; that which passed into the hands of Russians and Swedes the Finns have societies for buying back again.

“When it comes to who owns Finland,” said a Finnman to me, “we know it is the Finns.”

In the second place, the Swedes have no desire to assimilate the Finns, and never dreamed of the awakening that was to take place,—an awakening largely led by Swedish Finns. The Finns have the majority; and the wresting of the country by Russia from Sweden in 1809 and the fact that Russia during many years was busy with other matters gave them the opportunity to develop.

But when it comes to the question of permitting Russia to denationalize Finland, Swede and Finn are both against her.

There is a chain of reasons reflected, for be-

lieving that Finland may be saved from absorption by Russia. First and foremost, the Finlanders are thoroughly awake and their sense of injustice is complete; if Russia desires peace, she must take no liberties with Finnish rights,—the rights of man. Secondly, the Finlanders have developed a fine economic acumen; they stand for Finnish things and thoughts; they are original and initiative. Thirdly, they possess the invaluable traits of pugnacity, doggedness, determination. Fourthly, they love their land. Fifthly, they understand and appreciate,—as no other body of people appreciate and understand,—the art of organisation.

And here let me mention a few of the large number of organisations in Finland that are doing saving work. The Finnish Literary Society, which was perhaps the prime mover in the awakening movement, and which has fine headquarters, is devoted largely to editing Finnish works and encouraging their production. Many societies owe their existence to this organisation, from which they retire when they are able to stand alone.

Then there are the Swedish Literary Society; the Geographical Society, founded for the purpose of elucidating the geography of Finland, and the Society of (“Ants”) Antiquities which, being interested in objects of past days,

has awakened the State into caring for the antiquities of Finland,—its ancient buildings, castles, landmarks. Says “Finland in the 19th Century”: “They published an edition of 2000 copies, briefly touching upon archæology in its different aspects. . . . The Society sends out young scholars and antiquaries into every country and parish . . . to describe and draw maps of, or sketch, ancient monuments, earthworks, or other immovable remains, to amass relics and take down oral traditions . . . on colonization and other subjects. . . . The Society has fitted out five different expeditions which have described, drawn, sketched, and photographed every available object of antiquity in the churches and country houses of the said districts.” That is, the districts assigned them for study. They also publish a journal.

The Finnish Society of Science encourages and publishes scientific works. The object of this society is to study climatology, ethnography, meteorology, zoology, botany, and similar subjects, and to gather statistics. It gives traveling scholarships for research.

The Finnish Ugrian Society studies the language, ethnology, and history of the Finnish Ugrian peoples, and sends out students to study the tribes wherever they are to be found.

There is also the Society for the Study of Finnish Fauna and Flora, and there is the Forestry Association.

Indeed, there are a great many of these societies, but it is worth while to say that some of them have received very considerable gifts and legacies for the furtherance of their work; and these gifts and legacies, with the sale of their books,—and Finlanders do not turn their backs on their own literature, their art, or anything else deserving of them, as Southern people do,—enable them to give scholarships and prizes and to send out students to other lands to study foreign methods of doing things. They do not stop at one land; they want to know what all lands are doing. Even the State gives scholarships.

Many of the Societies of Finland have been started by young men and women, who issue a call to join them to all persons interested in the advancement of the Fatherland, and particularly in the especial work that they desire to propagate. And the call is answered immediately; both peasant and professional join at once.

The object of the Home Research Society is to encourage every Finn to study his country, particularly the part in which he lives, to study everything about it, be it bird, flower, stone,

poetry, history, orography, hydrography, meteorology, or archæology.

This association founded the Historical Museum at Abo.

The peasants are as intensely interested in their country as are persons of higher degree; indeed, some of the peasants who go barefoot at their work are secretaries of societies of one kind or another.

The Martha Society has a bureau in the capital city, where eggs, embroidery, beautiful rugs, dolls, woven material, lace, and other things are sold. There are 166 branches of this Society and more than 11,000 members. Meetings are held twice a month or weekly, when lectures are given on hygiene, history, geography, house-keeping, eugenics, et cetera, and discussions take place on the social and political condition of the country. Snow storms will not keep the women from these meetings, they are so intensely interested, and they come from many kilometres around, on snow-shoes, in boats,—in sunshine or in rain. “It is surprising how soon the peasant women learn to take part in the discussions. Some of them become secretaries and presidents of branch societies,” said one of the members to me. This association prepares and sends forth teachers to give instruction in cooking, garden-

ing, and poultrying, and in neatness and orderliness.

The Young People's Society has central halls all over the Fatherland for recreation, gymnasia, and lectures to further the temperance cause. Land is given for these buildings, and the people give the work.

"Pellervo," economical in its desire and co-operative, has founded a college; it also issues a paper which goes into the homes of all classes of people. Its purpose is to disseminate helpful ideas and to build up needed business.

It gathers statistics and sends trained teachers out to inform the people and to encourage them. The Diet now aids in the work, as it does in the work of many organisations found to be valuable. "But the amount expended is small,"—to quote Mr. Young in his "Finland"—"as compared to the far-reaching results of a movement affecting the life of a whole nation. . . . The spirit in which the work is undertaken and the loyal co-operation of all who are interested in the fate of the land have made the results altogether out of proportion to the amount expended. Within ten years of the foundation of 'Pellervo' there was in existence 1816 different businesses, 354 dairies, 384 banks, 506 retail shops, and 568 other forms of activity."

I would like to draw attention to the difference between the economic acumen of the men of Finland and that of the men of the Southern States of the American Union. Instead of draining the community of money with which to erect a building away from the South,—for the purpose of inviting alien capital to come down and drive our own people to the wall, as alien capital always does, on the principle that big fish drive out little fish,—these Finlanders encourage and help their own people to build up useful industries and become capitalists themselves.

I was given the pleasure of visiting one of these co-operative dairies at Kuopio, which had a dairy school connected with it, and a delightful little lecture-room.

Dairying comes second among the industries of Finland. The methods of the Finlanders in this branch of work are very excellent, and they have excited the interest of the Danes and Swedes, who are also great butter-makers. The students must have worked for a year in a butter factory before they can enter a school of dairying, where they must work and study three years and nine months altogether before they can take charge of a butter factory. A woman was at the head of this dairy, and I can



assure you it was very fascinating to watch the proceedings in the making of butter.

From the butter factory we went to a large spool factory, and I held in my hand a bunch of spools hot from the machine.

## CHAPTER VI

### KUOPIO AND KAJANA

Kuopio — Snellman Square — Minna Canth Street — Island Home Life — “Kumjusoari” — Kajana — Fishing Grounds — Tar-boats — John Messenius — Lönnrot’s Home.

Kuopio has a square named after Snellman, the philosopher and patriot, and there is also a bronze bust of him there. He was the rector of a school and the editor of a Finnish newspaper.

There is an interesting little street in Kuopio named Minna Canth Street. Minna Canth was a woman who ran a little draper’s shop for the support of herself and her children, and she was also a dramatist and novelist of considerable ability. Her plays have been produced at the Finnish theater in Helsingfors. In the pretty park through which we drove was pointed out to me the rustic stump of a tree,—with part of the bark left for a back—upon which Minna Canth loved to rest.

From Puijo Hill one sees one of the most glorious views in Finland,—woodland and lake and sky and town charmingly combined. Look-





A FINNISH GENTLEMAN'S HOME

ing earthward near-by my eye was caught by a little farm, as neat as a pin, with a little red house attached. It was a state farm, I was told, and rented out.

Kuopio introduced me to the Island home life of Finland,—romantic, fascinating, hospitable. I would like to linger here and dream awhile at fair “Kumjusoari” but I cannot now.

I must tell you that in Kuopio I received another of those penetrating “I want to know?” gazes, which Finlanders sometimes surprise one with. It came from the eyes of a fair-haired young lady.

“Is Mrs. Beecher Stowe’s book true?” she asked. “They think it *is* true here.”

Again that contemptible book!

But Kajana is calling, Kajana in the farther North, and bird and tree and flower are sweeter far than the venomous fables concerning the Southern people that fill the libraries of Europe.

Kajana is best known as a fishing-place, as there are good fishing grounds there and an abundance of trout, grayling, pike, and salmon. It is a lonesome little town, situated on a river, within hearing of two beautiful waterfalls. Indeed we are in the Paradise of Rapids now, and in a day or two I am to enjoy the

most delightful sport in Finland,—shooting the rapids.

Kajana gives you a feeling of being far away from civilisation,—a feeling that is rather pleasant. It is a land of tar, the trees about being rich in rosin. I did not see the tar kilns, but I did see tar boats and tar barrels a-plenty.

All this Northern country is delightful because of the timber and tar. The men go into the forests to hew the trees when the snow is on the ground that they may the easier “drag” the logs to the river, where in due time they are floated down, either singly or in rafts, to their destination. Sometimes the caretakers build their abodes upon the rafts, which are often of considerable size, and here they stay with their families and their domestic animals.

Castles and battlefields are usually associated together in one’s mind. Here in North Finland there are the ruins of an old castle in which John Messenius, a prisoner for twenty years, utilised his time by writing a history of his country, showing the truth of Walt Whitman’s words: “And I will prove that whatever happens to anyone, it can be turned to beautiful results.”

The weather was not delightful during my stay in Kajana, except on the afternoon of my arrival, and I failed to make good my antici-

pation of visiting a fine butter factory. I think the pleasantest moment of my stay in Kajana was when the kindly author of my Finnish phrase book, a citizen of Kajana, led me into the sunlit backyard of the home in which once lived Elias Lönnrot, the weaver of the Kalevala. In this yard were trees and green grass. Lönnrot was the son of a tailor, whom somebody had educated for a doctor. Dressed in his peasant's garb, he was accustomed to wander in and out of the peasants' homes, listening to and collecting their rune-songs. He was one of the founders of the Finnish Literary Society, which has accomplished a great deal, and which published his work. For some time this Society paid his expenses so that he could go throughout the country and collect the Finnish folk-songs.

And right here in the backyard of this man of noble aspirations I should like to read to you some lines from the "Kalevala,"—"Land of Heroes,"—Finland's national epic.

## CHAPTER VII

### IN THE FAR NORTH

The Rapids — Vaala — Fishermen — Tar-boats — Shooting the Rapids — Wayside Scenes — Uleaborg — Finland Rising out of the Sea — Language Difficulties — The World's first Woman Station Master — Rovaniemi — In the Circle of the North Pole — A Lapland Lawyer — Lapp Schools — Reindeer — Hunting and Fishing — Crown Parks — Finnish Loyalty — Finnish Peasants — Tornea — Passport Again — A Swedish School Garden.

Authors that write about Finland dearly love to reach the point when they can talk about the rapids.

The little steamer *Una* left Kajana early one dank, raw morning and shortly afterward it entered the Ulea Lake, largest in Northern Finland. This body of water has a reputation because of its squalls, and never did I get such a banging about as I got there for a while, except once when I crossed the Gulf Stream at right angles one January in a small tonnage boat running between Bermuda and New York. But on the whole it was not a bad passage, and the sun was beaming brightly when the steamer drew up at about one o'clock before the little







THE BEGINNING OF THE RAPIDS, WHERE THE TOURIST  
BOATS SHOOT

collection of red houses that constitute the village of Vaala.

Vaala is a fishing place, and here and there a lone fisherman could be seen dreaming dreams at the end of his line. It is also the starting-point of the tarboats. In the open season the barrels of tar are brought to Vaala to be carried down the rushing rapids to the coast in the long narrow boats made for the purpose—boats in which only licensed pilots are allowed.

There is only one advisable way of getting to the coast from here, and that includes shooting the rapids. The Tourist Society, the boats of which run daily during the season, knows just how these boats should be made, and their boats, though plain, are absolutely comfortable.

There are persons who say, "Only well people should shoot the rapids; people with nerves, never." To which others make reply, "Pshaw!" It was the "Pshaw!" family's advice I took; for surely a little shaking up now and then is a desirable medicine, else life might become even as a hospital bed.

Pshaw! I wouldn't miss it. And didn't Alexander I, Tsar of all the Russias, founder of Finland, rush down these very rapids? The story is told that midway down a storm arose. The men looked concerned. "Are you frightened?" asked the Tsar.—"But for your Maj-

esty," came the reply.—"Then forget that he is with you. In danger all men are equal."

I am sure it was with a delightful little thrill that I stepped into the tourist boat, wrapped in a tarpaulin coat, with a snug rug for warmth, and with the music of the rapids in my ears.

I am going to let Mr. Ernest Young, who has written so interestingly of Finland, tell the story of the rapids:

"The current seizes the boat and down it shoots into the whirling waters within almost touching distance of the threatening blocks of granite. Every moment it seems as though the fragile craft would be dashed to pieces, but the pilot calculates each turn of the oar with perfect ease and security, and after a few moments of intense excitement smooth water is again reached and rowing is once more necessary. Another rapid is followed by another stretch of smooth water, and these experiences are repeated again and again till the last rapids, the Pyhäkoski or Sacred Rapids, are reached. These are twelve miles in length and the man who can go through them without a thrill must be about as unemotional as a dead toad. The journey takes only twenty minutes, but there is the possibility of death for every minute, and though accidents are of such rare occurrence that the chance of being drowned may be al-

most neglected, still the fact remains that any indecision or miscalculation on the part of the steersman would mean the certain loss of the boat and of everyone on board. You have only to catch a glimpse of the pilot's face to see that he will take no risks, and that he feels to the full the weight of his responsibilities. The velocity increases from minute to minute; the surface of the stream has a visible slope, it is as though a part of the Atlantic were rolling down an incline; logs of wood are thrust aside as they crash into the slender craft; the spray is dashed into your face; the wind blows the hair of the ladies and tries to dislodge the hats of the men; and then, just as you are about getting used to the whirling perilous pleasure of it all, the river makes a sudden bend, a rock impedes the passage, a whirlpool waits for you on the other side of the rock, and for once you can scarcely resist the fear that soon all will be unpleasantly over. To avoid the barrier amidst this howling torrent of water and at this speed seems well-nigh impossible. The boatman leans upon his oar, and the boat makes straight for the cliffs as though purposely to dash itself to fragments. Almost as the nose of the boat touches the bank, the whole weight of the pilot is thrown on the pole and the craft sweeps lightly as a cork out into the mass of seething, boiling foam that

flings itself everlastingly from side to side in a mad and ceaseless passion of hate."

Mr. George Renwick, who also writes of Finland, has this to say:

"For a short space the raging waters seem to take breath. The boat glides easily along, sweeps gracefully round a corner, and then faces the wild torrent again. Just as one is beginning to compliment oneself on having excellent nerves comes an experience that would make one shiver with fear if there were only time, but it is all over before one can quite realise what has taken place. On we dash at the rate of about half a mile a minute, straight for a sheer wall of rock which stands out and narrows the torrent's passage, so that the waters are churned into a raging whirlpool. We rush as though to destruction on the rocks; suddenly the pilot throws his whole strength on the rudder, and when we are about a quarter of a length from the rock the boat swings with terrific suddenness round the rock, seems to fly over the hissing whirlpool, and reaches the waves that dance for joy beyond its dangers. For some seconds one's heart seems to stand still; one looks round to see if one is really safe, and there is to be seen once more, as the boat hurries along, beautiful banks of trees and a

glorious crowning sun. When the torrent is over and we can talk in comfort again I am told some of the horrors of that part of the descent. To turn too soon may mean to be sucked down into the raging depths, for it is only by darting over at the utmost possible speed that the whirlpool's power is overcome. For the pilot to be a second too late in throwing every ounce of his strength on the steering-bar would mean being dashed to pieces on the rock—the Palli, it is called—and being thrown helpless into the waves. Safety hangs on the decision of an instant."

My experience was less exciting, for the water was lower; but shooting the rapids, I can say, is a delight, is thrilling, is poetry.

And the pictures that you pick up on the way! Long stretches of loneliness, fields of hay, two-roomed huts, curling smoke, a hamlet, women washing clothes by the waterside, a dog barking, forests, cliffs, as the boat scampers alternately down the muttering, murmuring, obstreperous rapids and out into the placid waters, to the musical voices of the Finns. The Finnish language is full of vowels, the first word of every syllable is emphasised, and their speech is very pleasant.

Midway, away from civilisation, there is a

stop for lunch—in a shed,—table, tea, coffee, cake, biscuits,—and soon after dusk Muhos is reached, a scattered but clean little place, where the programme is supper and sleep.

The next morning, being up betimes, I was the first of the travelers to reach the lonely little wharf where lay the tiny steamer that was to carry passengers to Uleaborg.

Congratulating myself on my superior activity as I sat toasting my toes in the cabin, my gaze turned toward the window. My attention was attracted to two of the tourists, a lady and a gentleman, who, with umbrellas waving frantically and faces wretched with worry, were making Marconi speed down the hill in the direction of the boat. Then I noticed that the vessel was moving,—had I gotten into the wrong boat? Good heavens! I searched for my phrase book.

“*Meneekö tämä laiva? Uleaborg? Meneekö tämä laiva Uleaborg?*” (“Is this the boat for Uleaborg?”), I asked.

“*Eu, eu,*” (“Yes, yes”), answered the only other person that I saw on board,—A Finnish boy, who was now smiling broadly, and his eyes danced mischievously as he looked first at the frantic umbrellas on the shore and then at my bewildered countenance.

“So much for getting up early,” I grumbled



as I went back to toasting my toes, deciding that the little steamer was taking a run to some near-by town and would bring me back again—which it did.

The trip to Uleaborg, on the Gulf of Bothnia, the most important city in Northern Finland, took two hours. The boat landed two miles out of the town. Two philanthropic people took me with them in a drosky and put me down at the largest hotel in the city, beautifully situated, but with an entrance as unhomelike and desolate as that of a theater. I longed to shoulder an axe and go out into the woods to look for firs and other green decorations with which to beautify the place.

The dining-room, however, afforded a pleasing contrast to the entrance of the building; and, delightful sound, I heard an Englishman's voice! After "soppa"—soup;—I gravitated toward it, and had a talk with this gentleman concerning the immense province of Uleaborg. He was from Brahested, a little town south of this place, which some thirty years ago was the leading ship-owning port in the Gulf of Bothnia. To-day not a single ship is owned at Brahested, as the increase in the cost of labor and material have destroyed the industry. When the Crimean war was going on the English ships entered Brahested harbor, burnt four ships on the

stocks ready for launching, together with the ship-building yard, timber yard, and tar magazine. One English ship stranded, and it was captured by the Finns, the English having to take to their boats.

There were no banks in those days except a few Russian banks in the chief centers, which were too unsafe to be trusted, so the people hid their money in the walls and stone foundations of houses and in old magazines. Within ten years, through the pulling down of old buildings, many thousands of pounds in English gold, French eagles, American money,—the money of almost all countries,—have been found. One large copper pot which is known to contain several thousand pounds is still unanswered for; four have been found.

Finland is rising more rapidly out of the sea in the north than in the south. Pilots have had to reduce the draft of steamers from twenty-two feet five years ago to twenty feet at the present time. A little way south of here is a stretch of low-lying land, 70 kilometres in length, composed of nothing but sand and white mud, which cannot be cultivated.

Uleaborg is an interesting place. It has good schools and good book-stores, as all Finnish towns have; and it has a museum, of course, an old church, four sawmills, and big

tannery works. Excellent leather goods are made in Uleaborg and sent out to Russia and to many other lands,—saddles, purses, bags, and trunks. It is a noted timber and tar country, and fishing is a great occupation there. I enjoyed a little drive and a little walk, and a pleasant Uleaborg lady went with me down to see the salmon pens at six in the evening, when the nets are drawn. It was not a large catch that evening, but there was pleasure in watching the fishers manipulate the nets. The water, full of logs, was beautiful, and the Merrikoski rapids were singing a merry little song.

The English gentleman had four times telephoned up to Rovaniemi, on the Arctic Circle, to know if there was an English-speaking person in the place. No; those who might once have spoken English had forgotten; so a young lady was found to accompany me to the Arctic Circle.

We left on an early train the next morning, and nearly all day we had the comfortable car to ourselves. Hitherto I had traveled all the way from Helsingfors, with the exception of a few hours, by water. Now I was to begin my land journeys.

At Kemi we changed cars, had dinner, and had to wait quite a while.

The little stations were spick and span, and

before reaching Rovaniemi my attention was called to the first woman station master in the world. She was standing on the steps, as neat as the little station of which she was master; with the grace of experience she touched her blue cap, and the train was off.

A short distance from Rovaniemi may be seen Avasaksa Hill, a favorite place from which to see the midnight sun in June.

Rovaniemi stands directly on the Polar Circle, where the compass points obstinately down. About an hour before we got there I began to feel a trifle ill and nervous; and it never occurred to me until that moment that perhaps the latitude was too much for me. I was told that this probably was not the case, though the soil of this section contains marl, and in marl there is magnet.

We were disappointed in not finding good accommodation. It was the first time such a thing had happened during my experience in Finland. After refreshments a Finnish boy took us for a drive, part of which we enjoyed in the gloaming.

"She must be the lady I have been reading about," he said, when told that I had come to write about Lapland.

One of the pleasures that I had looked forward to in coming to Rovaniemi was to climb

to the top of Ounasvaara hill, which stands at the very door of the town. From this hill the midnight sun may be seen in June, beginning about the middle of the month. I never got to the top of Ounasvaara hill,—my Finnish Carcassonne.

The following morning, early, we made our way to a little churchyard, where, immediately on the line a slab has been erected, on one side of which are the words:

“Moses, 5th book, 27th chapter, verse 17.”  
On the other, “1875,” and “J. H. Juvelius.”

The view from this churchyard, looking out upon the river Kemi, is very beautiful. The surveyor's stone, erected in 1868, is a trifle's distance away. Coming back, we wandered awhile in a neglected little cemetery, and I noticed that the modest forget-me-not, lilac bushes, raspberries, and currants, all grew within the circle in which the North Pole rears its invisible head.

Rovaniemi is a town of considerable wealth. It is the fifth most important town in the world as a center of the fur trade. In February some eight or ten thousand people gather there, —Russians, Swedes, Germans, Norwegians, and Danes, to bargain in the furs of the bear, the fox, the ermine, and other animals, and something more than a million marks,—\$200,-

000,—is exchanged. The skin of a certain black fox brings \$240. At the last market about ten thousand ermine skins were sold, bringing from \$2.50 to \$3.50 a skin. Pearls, too, are found in these northern rivers, and they are considered particularly desirable by the Russians. Reindeer, are also bargained for and gold is found in Lapland, consequently Rovaniemi is a town of some importance.

On the train coming back a well-known lawyer of Enare, Lapland, came in to see us, and he proved to be well informed concerning this region. But I could enjoy the conversation only through an interpreter. He was a man of culture, and the fact that he owned several hundred reindeer made him appear a somewhat romantic person. How strange it seemed to be riding in a train,—more comfortable far than anything “wealthy and progressive” America could afford its citizens,—within a stone’s throw of Lapland. Stranger far was it to learn that there are very few Lapps that cannot read and write, for there are folk-schools everywhere in Lapland; if there are thirty children in a Lapp village, the Lapps build a folk-school, and there are temporary schools for persons living far out in the country.

Nearly all the Lapps,—there are only about 1,000 in all,—are Lutheran in religion, and Fin-

nish clergymen preach to them in their own language. They live on birds, reindeer, fish, and bread—which comes from Norway—only a little coming from Finland.

Wealth is reckoned by the number of reindeer a man possesses. He who owns several hundred is accounted rich; he who has 2,000, very rich. One Laplander owned 4,000. The enemy of the reindeer in this region is a little animal justly reckoned a pest, as it descends from the trees, catches the reindeer by the neck, and puts an end to its life. The reindeer pastures in the forests and lives upon lichens; when lichens are scarce upon the ground, spruce trees are felled in order to get them. The reindeer frequently harm the trees by sharpening their horns against them.

One travels altogether in sleds drawn by reindeer in the winter, which is a beautiful season, for the Lapland moon is very bright, and the glow of Northern lights is exquisite on the white snow. As compasses refuse to work, travelers learn to find their way by the trees, the shapes of which are effected by exposure to the north.

Not only is there fine fishing, in this northern country, but there is also good hunting, as bears, foxes, and wolves are plentiful.

The people of Finland are public-spirited, and the Lapland lawyer is working to secure



Ounasvaara for the State, as travelers with vandal inclinations might seek to carry away its stone.

Finland has very beautiful crown parks.

As an example of loyalty let me tell you an incident of the bad days of 1899. In the Russian province of Archangel, which borders the White Sea, live some peasants of the peddler class, being usually Russians, with a little Finnish blood in their veins. At the time "when Russia was so bad," as the Finns would say, these peddlers came nosing into Finland in a rather suspicious way. They told the peasants who had no property that when the Swedes were driven out the Russians would come in, and that the Russians would give them land. They painted a pretty imaginary picture to dazzle the eyes of these peasants of Finland who own no riches.

Now, did the poor peasants of Finland accept the gold brick? No, indeed; to the contrary, they worked to have these enemies of Finland punished, for it was against the law for foreigners to peddle in Finland. They saw that some of the funds that were usually awarded to persons who destroyed dangerous wild animals were used in prosecuting the peddlers of Archangel. But Saint Petersburg objected, and orders came to the effect that the



peddlers of Archangel should be allowed to peddle in Finland.

Now, these poor peasants of Finland and others did not say to one another: "Oh, what is the use of saying anything! It won't do any good! It would just be stirring up strife," nor did they run away to a rabbit hole. But they boycotted the peddlers of Archangel; and boycotted them effectually, by starving them out. They did more: they and more cultured Finlanders organised and distributed literature explaining the case.

We were going to Tornea, the same that sits at the head of the Gulf of Bothnia on a little island. The afternoon was pleasant, and soon after we arrived at Tornea we started for the rickety little bridge that leads over into the neat little town of Haparanda, which is in Sweden.

At the bridge passports were demanded. I wondered if it would be noticed that I had been into Saint Petersburg, and that my passport showed no evidence of having been presented to the police.

After refreshments at Haparanda's best hotel we visited a little Swedish school-garden, in which every growing plant and tree had its name attached to it.

It was Sunday, and Tornea, with its 2,000 inhabitants, was as quiet as a little mouse. Tornea is the starting-point for people desiring to visit Aavasaksa, forty miles away, where, in June, the midnight sun can be seen. The Lapps go in their sleds into Tornea in December for the purpose of holding a fair.

## CHAPTER VIII

### EDUCATION

Education — Red Roses and Birchbark — “Haapavesi,” Finland’s First Garden School — State Encouragement of Schools — Folk-Schools — Travel — Music — Finnish Folk-Song — Finnish Individuality — Vilppula — At Dr. Lybeck’s Sanatorium — A Tree House — Supper — A Finnish Chimney — Finlanders not ashamed of their Skin.

Our next day’s journey was long and tedious, but it was golden at the end and it was rosy in the middle. When the train stopped at Uleaborg for lunch a messenger came in with a bunch of rich red roses and a pretty birch-bark basket full of currants,—a gift to me from a stranger who wrote that she had seen by the papers that I was to pass through Uleaborg that day.

After several more hours, and then a twenty-two mile ride in a Finnish conveyance, the most uncomfortable that man ever made, an ideal little village came in sight; and then we saw a wonderful garden with a pure gold border on either side of the long walk that led to a model home. This is “Haapavesi,” Finland’s first

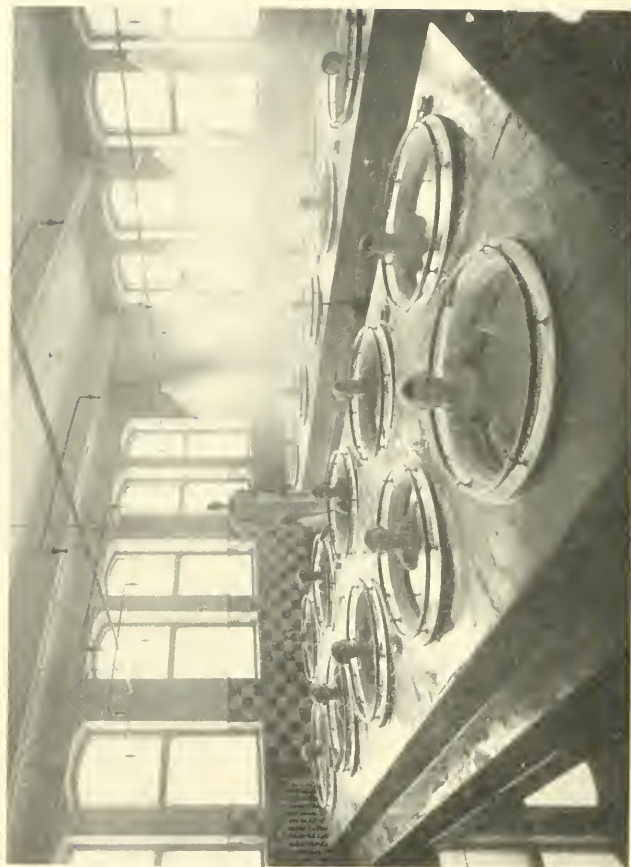
garden-school, started twenty years ago. What a wealth of flowers there was, and of every imaginable color! Yet in one night, sometimes in August, the frost king will come and lay it all low.

Cooking is a part of the curriculum at this garden-school, and little children of six years old, both boys and girls, learn to cook, for "They must learn to cook what they grow," said a little teacher, as we stood in the kitchen garden admiring the purple cabbages, and the largest cucumbers I have ever seen. And there were also quantities of peas and beans and potatoes and onions—and berry-bushes galore.

The teachers as well as the pupils go bare-footed in the summer, for people are not ashamed of their skin in Finland. "We like so to let the air get to our bodies; it is so healthy," one said—it was bathing time and we were down at the lake. "It is so foolish to be ashamed of your body when God made it!" and she expanded her arms and sped, Diana-like, down a little hill, clothed only in her beautiful skin.

There are three garden-schools in Finland, from which teachers are sent out to lecture in various parts of that country. There are two courses, one of seven months and the other of nine months. The State helps toward the sup-





BATHING FACILITIES AT THE FOLK SCHOOLS

port of the schools, and there is a society in Helsingfors that raises money to send young women to foreign lands to learn the methods of other countries. Well-to-do people also give stipendiums for this purpose. When I was there they were thinking of establishing a garden-school for Lapland.

Oh, these schools of Finland! I wish I could take you to some of them that I visited. Especially interesting are the Folk Schools,—Elementary and Higher,—corresponding somewhat to our public schools, but with bathing, cooking, manual training, needlework, and perhaps other features that we have not. The pupils drink from little fountains, to which they put their lips, and teachers see to it that each child has proper nourishment. Indeed, they are very careful as to hygiene. On the walls of the rooms and corridors are generally to be seen pictures representing some scene from Finnish history, and each school has a little Zoölogical Museum.

There are also schools for training teachers, lyceums, forestry schools, navigation schools, agricultural schools, dairy schools, music schools, and art schools. The State gives stipendiums, and there are private funds also for enabling students to travel and study other lands. The Finlanders are great believers in

traveling in order to study. But Finland is no imitator. Note her architecture when you visit her,—individual, if anything ever was. It is said that she shows traces of Mongolian descent in her art and in her architecture, and there is certainly a gruesome element in them both that makes one wonder.

Europeans think well of Finnish art, as they also do of Finnish literature. Of her music Mr. Young writes:

“It will be found on examination that the distinctive character of popular music of a truly national character is largely a question of climate and geographical situation. These affect the history of a people and mainly determine their customs and occupations, and hence are responsible for just those features which make it possible to identify various folk-songs as Norwegian, Spanish, or Russian. Now Finland is a land of poetry and song of a meditative and often a melancholy type. It expresses the result of the influence of the wide and lonely forests, the placid expanses of silver water, and the fierce wrestling with the soil for subsistence upon the emotions of the heart. The mood of the Finnish folk-song is not merely melancholy, it is despondent. The national cast of mind, influenced by external circumstances, has given the Finnish song this character, and from the



beginning of time joy and sorrow have entered into the life of the Finnish people in about the same proportion as warmth and cold in the bleak climate."

Finland is maintaining her individuality, and in doing so she is setting an example to the world. The Russification or New Englandization of the world would either of them be a calamity. When the whole of America shall be made to conform to Yankee ways, when the beautiful ideals of the Old South and the freshness and generosity of the West shall succumb to the dominion of our Northern Huns, then the boat-builders of Europe will have to work betimes that there may be sufficient vessels to carry the people of America to the more interesting shores of the Old World.

After having passed a few days in pleasant "Haapavesi" I was on my way to Vilppula, with a pretty picture in my mind. I could not forget the bright-hued flowers I had seen nor the garden-maidens, their voices raised in song, trooping behind the carriage to the gate, and in their midst, with a gift of flowers, the founder of Finland's first garden-school.

Vilppula and Dr. Lybeck's Sanatorium are synonymous. You may possibly have heard of Dr. Lybeck in London. He has the back-to-

nature idea, and carries his antagonism to hats to such an extent that in London he has become known as "the doctor who doesn't wear a hat." You may possibly have heard, too, that Dr. Lybeck sleeps up in a tree—in the summer time.

A slow, dreamy-eyed Finnish boy came forward after the train had shrieked away and answered, "Eu, eu," to my properly phrased inquiry.

An eight-mile drive was before me,—something that I hadn't expected. As the road began to get lonelier and lonelier the thought occurred to me that there might possibly be a mistake,—perhaps I was not traveling toward Dr. Lybeck's Sanatorium. But there was no way of finding out, so I felt apprehensive for what seemed an interminable time, and then some houses came in view, set high on a hill, and I thought that probably, after all, I would soon reach the Sanatorium. The road wound round and round, which gave me time for reflection.

Coming nearer, I could see, standing above me, before a cottage, a beautiful man, clad in white, and with flowing hair. He wore no shoes, and he held in his hand what seemed to be a sun instrument, which he was describing to a lad who wore no clothes from his neck to

his waist. There were no other people about.

The man didn't notice me until I called out "Dr. Lybeck," when he came forward with a pleasant greeting.

After a brief survey of the immediate quarters we went in to lunch. Spread upon a table was a meal quite different from any I had ever eaten before. There were eggs and milk and brown bread made of wheat, cheese made of goat's milk, lettuce, cranberries, several varieties of nuts, and other edibles. As a finish, Dr. Lybeck helped himself to pine kernels, mixed them thoroughly with honey, and seemed to enjoy them.

Before we arose from the table, a young girl about fifteen years old entered the room,—a young girl whom I shall call Thelma, because she reminded me of Thelma. Her complexion was milk-white; she wore sandals, and her spun-gold hair streamed down her back. She was becomingly dressed, and she spoke English fluently. Dr. Lybeck told her to take me to my quarters, which were at least a quarter of a mile away. We had to ascend a very steep hill, which, like the other, was dramatic in appearance. When we were half-way up Thelma pointed out her father's tree-home, which was set high in a group of pine trees that were close together. How transporting to ponder upon

the glories of the firmament from such an aerie! I thought: moon riding high in the heavens, stars glimmering through the pine-tops, feathery cloudlets swiftly moving, moaning music. But when the wind doth blow, and the rain doth descend—

Thelma, of the spun-gold hair, told me she had never tasted meat in her life; and I learned that in this establishment everybody lived on vegetables.

We reached the top of the hill in the course of time, and then we saw small substantially built houses of logs and boards.

My neighbor, on one side, was a Russian baroness, with hair cut short and a nice face; in the room next to her there was a little English lecturer on theosophy. In order to get to his nest the man whose home was above had to climb a ladder, which he did as agilely as if he were born to it.

Supper was served *al fresco*. First there was blue-berry soup, and then there were several nice-looking dishes the names of which I did not know and others that I was familiar with, but I was dieting, so I ate only eggs, *filbunke*,—a sort of clabber,—and bread and butter. I suffered the whole time I was at the Sanatorium because of the doctor's antagonism to tea.

Some of the guests wore their hair down the back, and I think they all went bare-footed.

The young woman who waited on the table was also a daughter of the house. Her hair was short, she dressed in blue cotton bloomers, and she could run like the deer of the forest. After having seen her, I was quite convinced why woman's gait resembles a cow's,—she doesn't wear bloomers.

All sorts of sun baths and air baths can be taken in this Sanatorium, and I heard that one man had starved himself for sixty days. It costs very little to stay at the Sanatorium and people come sometimes just for the rest.

Before I left Vilppula I had the opportunity of testing a Finnish chimney. There was one in my room, and on a day when I tried to imagine it was cold I called for a fire. Wonderful things, these Finnish chimneys! I think the fireless cooker idea must have originated from them. Put on two small armfuls of wood and the chimney will be as warm as toast the next morning. I wish I could explain the principle upon which they work, for they must save a great deal of wood.

## CHAPTER IX

### INDUSTRIAL FINLAND

Tammerfors — Finnish Painting — The Peasant Poor — Cotton Factories — Paper Mills — Mechanical Workshops — Finnish Tariff — The South's Economic Condition Contrasted with Finland's — Finland's System of Government — Fiscal Policy — Railway Station — Eating-places — Helsingfors again — Abo — Porthan — Karin Mansdotter — Well of St. Henrich — Adieu to Finland — My Passport.

My first visit in Tammerfors, Finland's principal manufacturing city, was to St. John's Church, where there is a collection of rather extraordinary paintings. "The Resurrection" looms large over the altar. How like the unusual taste of the Finns is this painting! The artist has certainly depicted astonishment in the attitude of the naked and shrouded ghosts, from which the gazer's eye moves to the cross on the ground and the broken earth. To one side of "The Resurrection" is a garden,— "The Garden of Death," it is called. Three black-robed skeletons show conspicuously, one of whom is watering flowers from a watering-pot. There is another striking painting of two small boys carrying a wounded angel. Decorating the



"THE RESURRECTION"

facing page 114





gallery all round are little nude boys holding up a continuous evergreen wreath which shows clusters of red berries. If you raise your eyes, —gruesome!—there is a snake in the center of the ceiling!

While speaking of pictures I recall the “Sved” (clearing of the forests), Jarnevelt’s famous painting, which I saw at the Athenæum in Helsingfors, and which impresses all visitors. In years gone by, land was cleared by burning the forests, when seeds were planted in the ashes about the tree-stumps.

Life is not so hard to-day in Finland among the peasant poor; but the soil yields scantily according to our way of thinking. Rye, oats, wheat, barley, and hay, are raised. The Finns dry their grain in houses without chimneys, which they call “riars”; the heat and smoke, by killing the germs, make Finnish rye valuable as seed. Berries grow in large quantities, but there are no orchards.

My advice to a Finnish laborer who wanted to emigrate was to stay at home, raise berries, make jam, and thus earn a fortune.

But Tammerfors is a manufacturing city, even if it is situated in the most fertile plain in Finland. Its cotton industry was begun by a member of that race that is taking London, building Canada, and depleting its own land,—

canny Scotland. Point me out a land deprived of Home Rule that is thriving!

Tammerfors has wonderful water-power; engine-power is used when the water runs low, as it does sometimes in summer.

The morning after my arrival I knocked at the door of a big cotton factory and was admitted. There were busy ninety thousand spindles, two thousand looms, and twenty-three hundred hands. This factory had a capital of twelve million marks. The cotton it used came from Cotton's Own Land,—Dixie. What wealth this resource would bring to the South, if the laws of the country were only just to that section of our land. Some Egyptian cotton is also used. "We go in for comfort, not for gain," said my guide, and I noticed how immaculately neat everything was. I saw good cotton blankets, bed-ticking, and many patterns of dress goods. I also visited a fine woolen factory and a beautiful linen factory, the largest in Finland, working two thousand hands and enlarging every year. The very finest quality of table-cloths, napkins, and towels are made in this establishment. Flax is raised in Finland, but the greater part of that that is used in these factories comes from Russia, although some of it comes from Ireland and Belgium.

Finland's paper mills have a considerable

reputation, and the paper is usually sent to Russia, which allows Finland preferential rates.

These factories all seemed to be conducted in a very businesslike way. Women were sorting in a room piles of rags that had come from Russia. I inquired whether or not these rags had been disinfected and was told they had not been. The Finlanders are a very honest people and my guide spoke the truth whereas in another land the trade instinct for lying probably would have prompted another answer.

Finland has a good many mechanical workshops. The one at Tammerfors makes iron, principally for use in Finland,—locomotives, water turbines, and machinery for paper-mills. A good deal of Yankee machinery is used in Finland. "Every year," said the guide, "we send out people to Denmark, Ireland, Germany, and other countries to study their methods of making machinery. In a few days I am going to an exhibition of linen machinery in Ghent."

The Finlanders are a hardy race. I was told of a woman who sometimes in the dead of winter will walk through snow the distance of a kilometer to the factory, and children will run from one factory to another, bare-foot through the snow.

Among the problems that hang heavy on the

horizon of Finland is the threat to bring the Finnish tariff up to the level of the Russian tariff. N. C. Frederiksen, in his "Public and Private Economy of Finland," published in 1902, writes as follows on that subject:

"The amalgamation of the Finnish tariff with the Russian would be an enormous diminution in existing industrial liberty. The Russian tariff imposes a high duty on the principal as well as on the accessory materials of manufacture, on coal, iron, machinery, cotton, and on all the chief necessities of life. The duty is generally three or four times as high as the duty in Finland, and often even more. It is twice as high on iron and steel billets, more than twice as high on iron plates, forged iron, nails, and machines; ten times as high on wool, and three to four times as high on cotton yarn. The duty on iron ore would increase the price of pig-iron by not less than 35 marks (\$7.00) per ton, . . . the hides and the tanning material of the great tanneries would cost considerably more. . . . The introduction of these tariff duties into Finland would cripple many of the best manufactures of the country, especially its agriculture and forest industry. This evil influence is apparent enough in Russia, where it contributes greatly to the impoverishment of the farmers. . . . It might benefit particular businesses. . . .

possibly also more waterfalls would be utilised and divers new factories erected. But it would be bad business and result in a loss to the nation. It would not be the Finlanders themselves, but rather, as in Russia, foreign capitalists, who would establish the new industries and make money at the expense of the people. The manufacturers themselves would, for the most part, be of the same character as at present in Russia, where so many mines and factories live at the expense of the people, and their owners often benefit enormously. But every such factory is obliged to close on the day when reason resumes its sway and liberty enters. . . .

“While a tariff union with Russia under the present protective and prohibitive system . . . would increase the price of all present imports,—coal, iron, and other metals, machines, and the most common necessities of life, such as sugar, coffee, and salt. By destroying the import trade it would also hinder export, first by rendering life and production more difficult and costly; then by diminishing the already small freights which ships can take home to the country; finally by decreasing the value of the means of payment in foreign countries—its bills of exchange on these countries. If we consider its influence on commerce, that most useful aid

to civilisation, we shall understand still better the extent to which this measure would be destructive of the whole national development. . . . It is calculated that a simple fisher family consisting of four persons, which is rather below the general number, would have to pay eighty-five marks (\$17.00) more per annum; fifty-five marks fifty penni (\$11.50) as increased duty on the salt needed for forty barrels of Baltic herrings prepared for sale, and thirty marks (\$6.00) for such simple necessities as coffee, chickory, iron, etc. A Finnish cottier who keeps four cows and a horse would have to pay fifty marks (\$10.00) extra for iron, nails, woollens, coffee, chickory, etc. A common peasant proprietor with forty cows and five horses would have to pay fifty-four marks (\$10.80) for iron and nails, and seven marks twenty penni (\$1.44) for artificial manure, or a total of 240 marks (\$48.00) more. . . .

“Instead of recognising the natural and proper right of the nation to vote its own most important tax, the special Russian interests which rule in St. Petersburg have now demanded concessions which would be greatly to the disadvantage of Finland and which might even entirely destroy the present basis of the national economy. There has already been an

insecurity and continual variation in the tariff without sufficient reason, which has done harm to the industries of the country, and which is not in accordance with good conservative principles. . . . But the present condition of the national economy and, in fact, of the whole civilisation of the country would be changed. Instead of furthering civilisation such a measure would, without any necessity whatever, injure the life of the people and contribute to force it down to the same low level as that of a great part of Russia's inhabitants. We need not refer to the inevitable demoralisation which would follow; the smuggling which it would be impossible to prevent on these cut-up coasts, where the whole population knows and uses the sea as their great highway, and which would be to the detriment of the finances of Russia itself, as well as its artificially developed manufacturing industries. All the conditions for progress are here; the whole difficulty comes whence it ought not to come, from the rulers in St. Petersburg, . . . the country menaced with economic destruction. . . .

“A Russian customs tariff would not make it absolutely impossible to live in Finland; it might improve certain industries in an artificial manner and at the expense of the people, but it



would cause a fearful depression in the whole manner of living and be a hindrance to progress, public health, and well-being as well as an immense burden on the natural industries of the country, agriculture, exploitation of the forests, and all connected therewith, and most of the manufactures which are really indigenous to the country, not to speak of commerce and navigation. Justice is necessary for all social and individual life, for labor, capital, and for life itself."

But, as an evidence of how impossible it is for one body of people to see straight for another and how necessary it is in the great struggle for existence that each community keep an individual look-out, this same N. C. Frederiksen observes:

"The United States could make great progress, notwithstanding a bad tariff, because they form a continent which is largely self-sufficient, and where the wealth of one part assists the making of wealth in other parts. Finland would be separated for economic purposes from the more civilised countries, and bound to the poverty-stricken, artificially isolated, and oppressed Russia."

Now, as a matter of fact, we cannot see where the great difference comes in. Russia is pitifully poor; she is also plentifully rich. In all



immense countries the wealth gets drained into the part where the people are the most crafty and the most keen for it.

Finland and Russia—that part of Russia whose economy is considered—are more nearly alike than are the several sections of the United States. Jefferson, Hamilton, Madison, and all the States recognised the three sections before and after the ratifying of the present constitution, and no one of these sections desires to be eaten up by the other any more than Finland desires to be eaten up by Russia. Indeed the patriot fathers never supposed that such a thing could come to pass,—they had too much faith in the states that ratified the Constitution for their mutual benefit.

Of the two Democracies which existed before the ratifying of the present constitution, Virginia, the wealthiest and the largest, was the leader of one, and she owed her independent existence before she ratified the constitution to her own Captain's exertions, and not to the generosity of a noble-minded Tsar. And in ratifying the present constitution she reserved the right of withdrawing from the federation if she found it detrimental to her people's good.

It has been said that Finland has no stain upon the pages of her history. Quite true. She has not built up her civilisation by the in-

ordinate taxation of another people, as New England has, thereby depleting their educational institutions and causing their decay,—and a people, too, that had suffered its very life-blood to flow for her salvation!

I am so in the habit of thinking of the South's economic conditions, of endeavoring to study the why and the wherefore of her passing out of the hands of her original owners, that I could not, if I would, break myself of the habit.

Constitutionally speaking, Finland's head is the Tsar of all the Russias, and he holds the position of Grand Duke of the Duchy of Finland; and the Grand Duke vows to keep Finland's constitution. He can sanction no laws that have not been approved, or made, by the diet,—that is, laws concerning Finland's internal government. Externally,—that is, with respect to matters concerning foreign affairs, the appointing of consuls, and decisions as to war,—the Grand Duke becomes the Tsar of all the Russias.

Russia also supplies a Governor-General, who leads the Senate, a body supposed to be composed of Finlanders whose duties are economic and judicial. This body at present has an undesirable reputation, being composed of men who would break any laws in favor of their purses.

The Diet makes the laws, subject to the Grand Duke's approval.

Regarding Finland's fiscal policy, I will use the following figures of the Russian Year Book:

Revenue <i>in toto</i> for 1908..Frnk.	168,323,796.14
Customs and Excise.....	57,691,201.97
State Railways,.....	40,837,791.08
Crown Forests,.....	10,778,784.64
Post and Government Fees	6,240,099.34

The State also owns the Saima Canal, farms that it rents out, and some public buildings.

The surplus revenue of 1908 amounted to 7,816,750 Franks.

What becomes of this surplus? The Grand Duke has the disposal of it.

Is there danger of its being misused? "We do not think that there is the least reason for doubt here," says N. C. Frederiksen in his "Finland, Its Public and Private Economy," published in 1902. He also says:

"Whatever may be said against the Russian Government and its administration, it must be recognised that the Government in St. Petersburg acts always on the very strictest principle in all questions of finance and credit. Whether or not this is due to a perception of self-interest or is a consequence of the great difference in principle which is found in the different parts

of the Russian Government, it is a fact which cannot be denied. We are fully convinced that in these matters there will never be the least question of any transgression whatever in relation to Finland. It would be against the whole tradition which the rulers in St. Petersburg have always followed, and which with them has been a point of honor."

Ponder upon it, if you can,—a nation with honor!

And this is why a little community numbering three millions of people has been enabled to advance its civilisation,—because there was a power over it which was not without honor.

"But Russia is trying to take our civilisation away from us now. We will soon have to pay her twenty million marks (\$4,000,000) a year for military. Finland is poor; she cannot afford it. You are rich in America."

I had been talking with a woman about Finland's schools.

"No," I said, "America is poor. I know America; her hills and valleys are full of illiteracy and discomfort and apathy." Then I said that there is a large part of America that is tributary, and that each state has to pay something like twenty million marks (\$4,000,000) a year toward a cruel pension bill for another people,—for their near relations, fathers, moth-

ers, sisters, brothers, soldiers,—and I told her that the purchasing power of these States had been brought down one-half because of a wicked tariff for the benefit of a people in another section, and that these states receive back only about one-fifth of what they give into the public treasury, which is the reason why their hills and valleys are so full of illiteracy and discomfort and apathy. And I told her that Finland was better off under Russian rule than she would have been under Yankee rule.

Prison bars! Press censorship! I would rather go to prison than suffer the public-opinion censorship of America, where we cannot quote the opinions of the patriot fathers,—Jefferson, Hamilton, Madison,—without a censorship worse than prison bars; where the first law of nature, self-preservation, but slumbers.

If Russia succeeds in swallowing Finland, she will discover a morsel as indigestible as Väinämöinen in the bowels of Antero Vipunen; for Finland is learned in the law of resistance to wrong.

My farewell meal at Tammerfors was eaten at the station restaurant, which may be taken as a good example of the method of serving food at the railway stations in Finland. In the center of the room is a table, neatly spread with

well-prepared food. You are expected to help yourself to as much or as little as you please; the charge is the same, and very moderate.

The train reached Helsingfors at night. Richer by many experiences, I crossed the wide space to the Fennia Hotel, from which I had started a few weeks before, and I slept soundly all night.

I had only a few days to spend at Helsingfors, and then I went to Abo, the ancient capital of the country, where I was to say good-bye to Finland.

I was sorry to miss seeing Hango, the fashionable resort and also the butter depot, which I should have visited first, for I had a letter of introduction to people there.

At Abo there is a beautiful folk-school to see; and there is also a splendid view from Navigation College, and refreshments are to be had at the Hamburger Bors, to the music of an orchestra, composed of women.

I should like to have seen the statue of Porthan,—he who awakened the patriotism of the Finns. I should like to have placed roses at his feet and a wreath on his head.

I should like to have peeped into the Cathedral, for a look at the painting of Karin Mansdotter,—white-robed, descending her throne,—a one-time queen. She was a little nut-seller in

the market-place at Stockholm when the future King Eric XIV chanced her way. He had her educated, and then married her, after having been refused by a few royal princesses, the haughty Elizabeth among them.

They *do* say that some one sent him a coat with a patch in it, which he returned, after the patch had been repatched with jewels, which was to indicate that he considered the patch the best part of the coat.

In the course of time Eric went mad, and Karin spent many sad years in a castle near the exquisite Kangasala ridge.

But there is something more interesting than the cathedral to see: it is the Well of St. Henrich, where baptism was first administered to the Finns. So to the Well of St. Henrich we went,—a Swedish lady, a Finnish gentleman, and I,—to Kuppis Park on the outskirts of the town where the Well of St. Henrich is. A little maid ran for some glasses, and of course we drank from the Well of St. Henrich.

I lifted my glass: “To Finland! May Russia vanish from her shores! And may the great liberty wave that is spreading throughout the world,—touching India in the East; Egypt in the South; Ireland, Poland, Bavaria, Alsace, and all peoples who are enslaved,—reach the shores of America and wash away the stained

pension bill the thongs of which I see piercing the sides of the little children, the aged mothers, the toiling sisters, and crippled brothers of the South.”

Then, and then only, shall our hills bloom with schools and colleges like other civilised lands; then, and then only, shall our standard of living rise,—when our men awaken from the apathy that degrades them,—when tribute-paying ceases.

And it seemed to me, as I stood there at the Well of St. Henrich, that I heard a voice say: “It shall come to pass.”

And now I am driving down to the dock in a drosky. I’m tired, and it is restful to see the white ship come in view. After a talk with the first mate, who speaks English, I wander out on deck for a look about me. Presently the first mate comes out.

“Have you your passport?”

“Passport! Good Heavens! I never once thought of it.”

“I’m afraid they won’t let you go without a passport. They are very strict.”

“It’s packed away in my trunk, which is booked through to London *via* Stockholm and Berlin. Perhaps my trunk will come in time, and I can get it.”



“I don’t know—if it is booked through to London.”

“I’m not feeling well, and if they make me stay, they will just have to take care of me; and I don’t know the language.”

I handed him some credentials that I had.

“I’ll speak to the policeman for you.”

He went off and in a little while the policeman came on board. I was seated on the edge of my sofa-berth, with my pine-root bag at my feet, wondering what I was going to do, when I heard them talking in the cabin, the policeman speaking quite emphatically.

In a few minutes he appeared at my door, with a bothered expression on his face, which cleared the moment he saw me. I must have looked very meek and inconsequential huddled there on the edge of my sofa-berth, wondering what I was going to do.

The policeman indicated to me that I was to come on shore five minutes before the boat left, and if my trunk had come I could get my passport out of it.

About three minutes before the boat was to leave I appeared at the gangway with my pine-root bag and umbrella.

“Do you speak English?” I said to a Swedish-looking gentleman who was coming aboard.

“Yes; what can I do for you?”

"I've forgotten my passport, and the policeman said I was to come on shore five minutes before the boat leaves. I'm not sure that I can go this trip."

"You shouldn't have forgotten your passport; they are very strict."

"It never occurred to me—"

"Shall I speak to the policeman for you?"

"Please."

I stood by the railing of the deck studying the policeman's face—beseechingly.

In a few minutes the Swedish-looking gentleman came back.

"He says you may go."

"And my trunk?"

"It hasn't come."

The ship moved off. There were not many travelers. I sat on the deck watching the receding shores of Finland, and musing upon the subject of passports. I wanted to smile, but I knew it wouldn't do, for there stood the kind policeman, and who knows but what he might order the boat back and have me put on shore.

But when the grey veil of distance dropped down, the funny side of the affair overcame me.

What a disturbance I do make with passports! When Gabriel blows his trumpet, may my passport not be packed away in my trunk, booked through to London!

## CHAPTER X

### STORIES FROM THE KALEVALA

The Kalevala, meaning “Land of Heroes,” is the national epic of Finland. The poem has four heroes: Väinämöinen, the wise man, the principal character, an aged hero; Lemminkäinen, the foolish man, a handsome, rollicking youth, ever courting the girls; Ilmarinen, a mighty smith, and brother to Väinämöinen; Kullervo, an unfortunate slave.

Joukahainen desires to contend with Väinämöinen in Wisdom, and not being able to do so, challenges him to a duel. Väinämöinen, angered, sinks him in a swamp, whence Joukahainen at last obtains release by offering Väinämöinen his lovely sister Aino. From his position in the swamp Joukahainen appeals:—

“O thou *wisest* Väinämöinen,  
O thou *oldest* of magicians,  
Sing once more thy songs of magic,  
Grant the life of one so wretched,  
And release me from my prison.  
You shall have my sister Aino,

I will give my mother's daughter.  
She shall dust your chamber for you,  
Sweep the flooring with her besom,  
Keep the milk-pots all in order;  
And shall wash your garments for you.  
Golden fabrics she shall weave you,  
And shall bake you cakes of honey."

Then the aged Väinämöinen,  
Heard his words and grew full joyful,  
Since to tend his age was promised  
Joukahainen's lovely sister.

On the stone of joy he sat him,  
On the stone of song he rested,  
Sang an hour and sang a second,  
And again he sang a third time:  
Thus reversed his words of magic,  
And dissolved the spell completely.

Then the youthful Joukahainen  
From the mud his chin uplifted,  
And his beard he disentangled,  
From the rock his steed led forward,  
Drew his sledge from out the bushes,  
From the reeds his whip unloosing.

Then upon his sledge he mounted,  
And upon the seat he sat him,  
And with gloomy thoughts he hastened,

With a heart all sad and doleful,  
Homeward to his dearest mother,  
Unto her the aged woman.

On he drove with noise and tumult,  
Home he drove in consternation,  
And he broke the sledge to pieces,  
At the door the shafts were broken.

Then the noise alarmed his mother,  
And his father came and asked him,  
“Did you break the shafts on purpose?  
Wherefore do you drive so rashly,  
And arrive at home so madly?”

Then the youthful Joukahainen  
Could not keep his tears from flowing;  
Sad he bowed his head in sorrow.

And his mother came and asked him,  
“O my son, why weep so sadly?  
“O my darling, why so troubled?”

Said the youthful Joukahainen,  
“O my mother, who has borne me,  
There is cause for what has happened,  
I myself must weep for ever,  
And must pass my life in weeping.  
For my very sister Aino,  
She, my dearest mother’s daughter,

I have pledged to Väinämöinen,  
As the consort of the minstrel,  
To support his feeble footsteps,  
And to wait upon him always."

Joyous clapped her hands his mother,  
Both her hands she rubbed together,  
And she spake the words which follow:  
"Do not weep, my son, my dearest,  
For thy tears are quite uncalled for.  
Little cause have we to sorrow,  
For the hope I long have cherished,  
All my lifetime I have wished it,  
And have hoped this high-born hero  
Might akin to us be reckoned,  
And the minstrel Väinämöinen  
Might become my daughter's husband."

But when Joukahainen's sister  
Heard, she wept in deepest sorrow,  
Wept one day, and wept a second,  
At the threshold ever weeping,  
Wept in overwhelming sorrow,  
In the sadness of her spirit.

Then her mother said consoling,  
"Wherefore weep, my little Aino?  
You have gained a valiant bridegroom,  
And the home of one most noble,

Where you'll look from out the window,  
Sitting on the bench and talking."

But her daughter heard and answered,  
"O my mother, who hast borne me,  
Therefore have I cause for weeping,  
Weeping for the beauteous tresses,  
Now my youthful head adorning,  
And my hair so soft and glossy,  
Which must now be wholly hidden,  
While I still am young and blooming.

"Then must I through lifetime sorrow  
For the splendour of the sunlight,  
And the moonbeam's charming lustre  
And the glory of the heavens  
Which I leave, while still so youthful,  
And as child must quite abandon,  
I must leave my brother's workroom,  
Just beyond my father's window."

Said the mother to the daughter,  
To the girl the crone made answer,  
"Cast away this foolish sorrow,  
Cease your weeping all uncalled for,  
Little cause have you for sorrow,  
Little cause for lamentation.  
God's bright sun is ever shining  
On the world in other regions,

Shines on other doors and windows  
Than your father's or your brother's;  
Berries grow on every mountain,  
Strawberries on the plains are growing,  
You can pluck them in your sorrow  
Whereso'er your steps may lead you;  
Not alone on father's acres,  
Or upon your brother's clearings."

Then the little maiden Aino,  
Youthful Joukahainen's sister,  
Went for besoms to the greenwood,  
Sought for bath-whisks in the bushes;  
One she gathered for her father,  
And a second for her mother,  
And she gathered yet another,  
For her young and ruddy brother.

As she turned her footsteps homeward  
Pushing through the alder-bushes,  
Came the aged Väinämöinen,  
And he saw her in the thicket,  
Finely clad among the herbage,  
And he spoke the words which follow:

"Maiden, do not wear for others,  
But for me alone, O maiden,  
Round thy neck a beaded necklace,  
And a cross upon thy bosom.



Plait for me thy beauteous tresses,  
Bind thy hair with silken ribands."

But the young maid gave him answer,  
"Not for thee, and not for others,  
Rests the cross upon my bosom,  
And my hair is bound with ribands.  
Nought I care for sea-borne raiment;  
Wheaten bread I do not value.  
I will walk in home-spun garments,  
And with crusts will still my hunger,  
In my dearest father's dwelling,  
And beside my much-loved mother."

From her breast she took the crosslet,  
Drew the rings from off her fingers,  
From her neck the beaded necklace,  
From her head the scarlet ribands.  
Down upon the ground she threw them,  
Scattered them among the bushes;  
Then she hastened ever weeping,  
Loud lamenting, to the homestead.

At the window sat her father,  
While he carved a hatchet-handle.  
"Wherefore weepest thou, my daughter,  
Young, and yet so full of sadness?"

"Cause enough have I for weeping,  
Cause for weeping and lamenting.

Therefore weep I, dearest father,  
Weep, and feel so full of sorrow."

At the gate her brother sitting,  
For the sledge was shaping runners.  
"Wherefore weepest thou, my sister,  
"Young and yet so full of sorrow?"

"Cause enough have I for weeping,  
Cause for weeping and lamenting.  
Therefore do I weep, poor brother,  
Weep and feel so full of sorrow."

At the window sat her sister,  
As she wove a golden girdle.  
"Wherefore weepest thou, poor sister,  
Young, and yet so full of sorrow?"

"Cause enough have I for weeping,  
Cause for weeping and lamenting.  
Therefore do I weep, poor sister,  
Weep, and feel so full of sorrow."

On the threshold of the storehouse,  
Skimming milk, she found her mother.  
"Wherefore weepest thou, my daughter,  
Young, and yet so full of sorrow?"

"O my mother, who hast borne me,  
O my mother, who hast nursed me,

Cause enough have I for anguish,  
Cause enough for bitter sorrow.  
Therefore do I weep, poor mother,  
Therefore grieve I, O my mother,  
To the wood I went for besoms,  
Gathered bath-whisks from the bushes;  
One I gathered for my father,  
One I gathered for my mother,  
And I gathered yet another,  
For my young and ruddy brother.  
As I turned my footsteps homeward,  
And across the heath was tripping,  
From the dell called Väinämöinen.

“ ‘Do not wear, fair maid, for others,  
But for me alone, poor maiden,  
Round thy neck a beaded necklace,  
And a cross upon thy bosom.  
Plait for me thy beauteous tresses,  
Braid thy hair with silken ribands.’

“ ‘From my breast I took the crosslet,  
From my neck the beaded necklace,  
Tore the blue bands from my temples,  
From my head the scarlet ribands,  
Then upon the ground I threw them,  
Scattered them among the bushes,  
And I answered him in this wise:  
‘Not for thee, and not for others,

Rests my cross upon my bosom,  
And my hair is bound with ribands.  
Nought I care for sea-borne raiment,  
Wheaten bread I do not value.  
I will walk in homespun garments,  
And with crusts will still my hunger,  
In my dearest father's dwelling,  
And beside my much-loved mother.' "

And her mother answered thus wise,  
Said the old crone to the maiden,  
"Do not weep, my dearest daughter,  
Do not grieve (and thou so youthful);  
Eat a whole year long fresh butter,  
That your form may grow more charming,  
And the third year eat thou cream-cakes,  
That you may become more lovely.  
Seek the storehouse on the mountain,  
There are coffers piled on coffers,  
Chests in heaps on chests are loaded,  
Open then the finest coffer,  
Raise the painted lid with clangour,  
There you'll find six golden girdles,  
Seven blue robes of finest texture,  
Woven by the Moon's own daughter,  
By the Sun's own daughter fashioned.

"In the days when I was youthful,  
In my youthful days of girlhood,

In the wood I sought for berries,  
Gathered raspberries on the mountain,  
Heard the moonlight's daughter weaving,  
And the sunlight's daughter spinning,  
There beside the wooded island,  
On the borders of the greenwood.

“Thereupon I softly neared them,  
And beside them took my station,  
And began to ask them gently,  
In the words that I repeat you:  
'Give you of your gold, O Kuutar,  
And your silver give, Päivätär,  
To the maiden poorly dowered,  
To the child who now implores you!’

“Then her gold did Kuutar give me,  
And her silver gave Päivätär.  
With the gold I decked my temples,  
And adorned my head with silver,  
Homeward like a flower I hastened,  
Joyful, to my father's dwelling.

“These I wore one day, a second,  
Then upon the third day after  
Took the gold from off my temples,  
From my head removed the silver,  
Took them to the mountain storehouse;  
In the chest with care I laid them,

There until this day I left them,  
And since then I have not seen them.

“On thy brows bind silken ribands,  
On thy temples gold adornments,  
Round thy neck a beaded necklace,  
On thy breast a golden crosslet.  
Lay thou on a robe of woolen,  
Bind it with a silken girdle,  
Then the finest silken stockings,  
And of shoes the very finest,  
Then in plaits thy hair arranging,  
Bind it up with silken ribands,  
Slip the gold rings on thy fingers,  
Deck thy wrists with golden bracelets.  
After this return thou homewards  
From thy visit to the storehouse,  
As the joy of all thy kindred,  
And of all thy race the fairest,  
Like a floweret by the wayside,  
Like a raspberry on the mountain,  
Far more lovely than aforetime,  
Fairer than in former seasons.”

Thus the mother urged her counsel,  
Thus she spoke unto her daughter,  
But the daughter did not heed her,  
Heeded not her mother's counsel.  
From the house she wandered weeping,

From the homestead went in sorrow,  
As she said the words which follow,  
And expressed herself in this wise:

“Better fortune had befel me,  
And it would have been more happy,  
Had I not been born and nurtured,  
And had never grown in stature,  
Till I saw these days of sorrow,  
And this joyless time o’ertook me,  
Had I died in six nights only,  
Much I should not then have needed,  
But a shroud a span-long only,  
And of earth a tiny corner.  
Little then had wept my mother,  
Fewer tears had shed my father,  
And my brother not a tearlet.”

Thus she wept a day, a second,  
And again her mother asked her,  
“Wherefore dost thou weep, poor maiden,  
Wherefore thus lament and sorrow?”

“Wherefore weep I, hapless maiden,  
Wherefore do I weep for ever,  
That yourself have pledged me, hapless,  
And your daughter you have promised  
Thus to be an old man’s comfort,  
As a solace to the old man,

To support his feeble footsteps,  
And to wait upon him always.  
Better were it had you sent me  
Deeply down beneath the billows,  
There to be the powan's sister,  
And companion of the fishes.  
In the lake 'tis surely better,  
There beneath the waves to sojourn,  
There to be the powan's sister,  
And companion of the fishes,  
Than to be an old man's comfort,  
To support his aged footsteps,  
So that I can mend his stockings,  
And may be a staff to prop him."

Then she sought the mountain storehouse,  
And the inner room she entered;  
And the finest chest she opened,  
Raised the painted lid with clangour,  
And she found six golden girdles,  
Seven blue robes of finest texture,  
And she robed her in the finest,  
And completed her adornment.

Then she wandered from the storehouse,  
And across the fields she wandered,  
Past the marshes and the heathlands,  
Through the shady, gloomy forests.  
Thus she spoke as on she wandered:



“Now my time perchance approaches,  
From this weary world to hasten.”

On she went, one day, a second,  
And at length, upon the third day  
Came she to a lake's broad margin,  
To the bank o'ergrown with rushes.  
On the rocks that fringed the margin,  
Where a bay spread wide before her.  
As she gazed from off the headland,  
Just beyond she saw three maidens,  
Bathing there amid the waters,  
Aino made the fourth among them,  
Cast her dress upon the aspens,  
On the open ground her stockings,  
Threw her shoes upon the boulders,  
On the sand her beads she scattered,  
And her rings upon the shingle.

In the waves a rock was standing,  
Brightly hued and golden shining;  
And she swam and sought to reach it,  
As a refuge in her trouble.

When at length she stood upon it,  
And would rest upon the summit,  
On the stone of many colours,  
On the rock so smooth and shining,  
In the waves it sank beneath her,

Sinking to the very bottom.  
With the rock, the maiden Aino  
Sank beneath the water's surface.

There the dove for ever vanished,  
Thus the luckless maiden perished.

Who shall now the tidings carry,  
And repeat the mournful story,  
At the dwelling of the maiden,  
At the homestead of the fair one?

First the bear would take the tidings,  
And repeat the mournful story;  
But the bear conveyed no tidings,  
For he strayed among the cattle.

Who shall now the tidings carry,  
And repeat the mournful story,  
At the dwelling of the maiden,  
At the homestead of the fair one?

Then the wolf would take the message,  
And repeat the mournful story;  
But the wolf conveyed no tidings,  
For among the sheep he wandered.

Who shall now the tidings carry,  
And repeat the mournful story,

At the dwelling of the maiden,  
At the homestead of the fair one?

Then the fox would take the message,  
And repeat the mournful story;  
But the fox conveyed no tidings,  
For among the geese he wandered.

Who shall now the tidings carry,  
And repeat the mournful story,  
At the dwelling of the maiden,  
At the homestead of the fair one?

'Twas the hare who took the tidings,  
And conveyed the mournful story;  
For the hare replied discreetly,  
"I will not forget the message."

Then the hare sprang quickly onward,  
Sped the Long-ear with his story,  
On his crooked legs he hastened,  
With his cross-like mouth he hurried,  
To the dwelling of the maiden,  
To the homestead of the fair one.

Thus he hastened to the bath-house,  
And he crouched upon the threshold.  
Full of maidens is the bath-house,  
In their hands the bath-whisks holding.

“Scamp, come here; and shall we boil you,  
Or, O Broad-eye, shall we roast you,  
Either for the master’s supper,  
Or perchance the mistress’ breakfast,  
For the luncheon of the daughter,  
Or perchance the son to dine on?”

Thereupon the hare responded,  
And the Round-eye answered boldly,  
“I am come to give you tidings,  
And to bring a message to you.  
Vanished from you is the fair one,  
Sunken with her silver buckle,  
Drowning with her belt of copper,  
To the depths below the billows,  
There to be the powan’s sister,  
And companion of the fishes.”

Then her mother fell to weeping,  
And her bitter tears flowed freely,  
And she loud-lamented, speaking  
In her grief the words which follow:  
“Never, O unhappy mothers,  
Never while your life endureth,  
Never may you urge your daughters,  
Or attempt to force your children  
To a marriage that repels them,  
Like myself, O wretched mother,  
Urging vainly thus my daughter,  
Thus my little dove I fostered.”

## VÄINÄMÖINEN AND VIPUNEN.

“Väinämöinen, old and steadfast,” the hero of the Kalevala, decides to build a boat. He is going to Pohjola (Lapland) to woo the maiden of Pohja, the rainbow maiden, who is famed for her wealth and beauty. Finding that it will require several magic words to enable him to complete the boat, he goes in search of the words, and after many disappointments meets a shepherd who says to him:—

“You can find a hundred phrases,  
And a thousand words discover,  
Known to Antero Vipunen  
In his monstrous mouth and body,  
And there is a path which leads there,  
And a cross-road must be traversed,  
Not the best among the pathways,  
Nor the very worst of any.  
Firstly you must leap along it  
O’er the points of women’s needles,  
And another stage must traverse  
O’er the points of heroes’ sword-blades,  
And a third course must be traversed  
O’er the blades of heroes’ axes.”

Väinämöinen, old and steadfast,  
Pondered deeply o’er the journey,  
To the smithy then he hastened,

And he spoke the words which follow :

“O thou smith, O Ilmarinen,  
Forge me straightway shoes of iron,  
Forge me likewise iron gauntlets,  
Make me, too, a shirt of iron,  
And a mighty stake of iron.  
For I go some words to seek for,  
And to snatch the words of power,  
From the giant’s mighty body,  
Mouth of Antero Vipunen.”

Then the smith, e’en Ilmarinen,  
Answered in the words which follow :

“Vipunen has long since perished,  
Long has Antero departed.  
Words from him you cannot hope for;  
Half a word you could not look for.”

Väinämöinen, old and steadfast,  
Started on his way, unheeding,  
And the first day speeded lightly  
O’er the points of women’s needles,  
And the second day sprang nimbly  
O’er the points of heroes’ sword-blades,  
And upon the third day speeded  
O’er the blades of heroes’ axes.

Vipunen in songs was famous,  
Full of craft the aged hero;  
With his songs he lay extended,  
On his shoulders grew a poplar,  
From his temples sprang a birch-tree,

On his chin-tip grew an alder,  
On his beard a willow-thicket,  
On his brow were firs with squirrels,  
From his teeth sprang branching pine-trees.  
Then at once did Väinämöinen,  
Draw his sword and free the iron  
From the scabbard formed of leather,  
Fell the poplar from his shoulders,  
Fell the birch-trees from his temples,  
From his chin the spreading alders,  
From his beard the willow-bushes,  
From his brow the firs with squirrels,  
From his teeth the branching pine-trees.

Then he thrust his stake of iron  
Into Vipunen's mouth he thrust it,  
In his gnashing gums he thrust it,  
In his clashing jaws he thrust it,  
And he spoke the words which follow:

“Rouse thyself, O slave of mortals,  
Where beneath the earth thou retest,  
In a sleep that long has lasted.”

Vipunen, in songs most famous,  
Suddenly awoke from slumber,  
Feeling he was roughly treated.  
Väinämöinen, aged hero,  
Just above his mouth was standing,  
And his right foot slipped beneath him,  
And his left foot glided onward.  
Into Vipunen's mouth he stumbled,

And within his jaws he glided.

Vipunen, in songs most famous,  
Opened then his mouth yet wider,  
And his jaws he wide extended,  
Gulped the well-beloved hero,  
With a shout the hero swallowed,  
Him the aged Väinämöinen.

Vipunen, in songs most famous,  
Spoke the very words which follow:

“I have eaten much already,  
And on ewes and goats have feasted,  
And have barren heifers eaten,  
And have also swine devoured,  
But I ne’er had such a dinner,  
Such a morsel never tasted.”

But the aged Väinämöinen,  
Uttered then the words which follow:  
“Now destruction falls upon me,  
And an evil day o’ertakes me,  
Prisoned here in Hiisi’s stable,  
Here in Kalma’s narrow dungeon.”

So he pondered and reflected  
How to live and how to struggle.  
In his belt a knife had Väinö,  
And the haft was formed of maple,  
And from this a boat he fashioned,  
And a boat he thus constructed,  
And he rowed the boat and urged it



Back and forth throughout the entrails,  
Rowing through the narrow channels,  
And exploring every passage.

Vipunen the old musician,  
Was not thus much incommoded;  
Then the aged Väinämöinen  
As a smith began to labour,  
And began to work with iron.  
With his shirt he made a smithy,  
With his shirt-sleeves made his bellows,  
With the fur he made the wind-bag,  
With his trousers made the air-pipe,  
And the opening with his stockings,  
And he used his knee for anvil,  
And his elbow for a hammer.

Then he quick began to hammer,  
Actively he plied his hammer,  
Through the livelong night, unresting,  
Through the day without cessation  
In the stomach of the wise one,  
In the entrails of the mighty.

Vipunen, in songs most famous,  
Spoke aloud the words which follow:

“Who among mankind can this be,  
Who among the roll of heroes?  
I have gulped a hundred heroes,  
And a thousand men devoured,  
But *his* like I never swallowed.

In my mouth the *coals* are rising,  
On my tongue are firebrands resting,  
In my throat is slag of iron.

“Still I hardly comprehend it,  
Do not comprehend the reason,  
How thou, Hiisi, here hast wandered,  
Why thou cam'st, thou evil creature,  
Thus to bite and thus to torture,  
Thus to eat, and thus to gnaw me.  
Art thou some disease-created  
Death that Jumala ordains me?

“Once before have ills assailed me,  
Plagues from somewhere have attacked me,  
From the realms of mighty sorcerers,  
From the meadows of the soothsayers,  
And the homes of evil spirits,  
And the plains where dwell the wizards,  
From the caves where bears are lurking,  
From the furthest bounds of Pohja,  
From the distant realms of Lapland,  
From the wastes where grow no bushes,  
From the lands unploughed for ever,  
From the battle-fields extended,  
From the slaughter-place of heroes,  
From the blue seas' watery surface,  
From the open sea's broad surface,  
From the black mud of the ocean,  
From the depth of thousand fathoms,

From the fiercely rushing torrents,  
From the seething of the whirlpool,  
And from Rutja's mighty cataract,  
Where the waters rush most wildly,  
From the further side of heaven,  
Where the rainless clouds stretch furthest  
From the pathway of the spring-wind,  
From the cradle of the tempests.

“From such regions hast thou journeyed  
To my heart of evil guiltless,  
To my belly likewise sinless,  
To devour and to torment me,  
And to bite me and to tear me?

“Pine away, O hound of Hiisi,  
O thou demon, quit my body,  
Pest of earth, O quit my liver.

“I will drive thee forth and ban thee,  
Drive thee forth, O evil creature,  
To the deep and swampy valleys,  
To the ever-frozen marshes,  
To the swamps for ever quaking,  
Quaking underneath the footsteps,  
To the ponds where sport no fishes,  
Where no perch are ever noticed.  
Further yet will I then ban thee,  
To the furthest bounds of Pohja,  
To the distant plains of Lapland,  
To the country where they plough not,

Where is neither moon nor sunlight,  
Where the sun is never shining.  
There a charming life awaits thee,  
There to roam about at pleasure.

“Take thy flight, O evil creature,  
Fare thee forth into the moonlight,  
Wander forth amid its brightness.”

Väinämöinen, old and steadfast,  
Answered in the words which follow:

“Here I find a pleasant dwelling,  
Here I dwell in much contentment,  
And for bread the liver serves me,  
And the fat with drink supplies me,  
And the lungs are good for cooking,  
And the fat is best for eating.

“Therefore will I sink my smithy,  
In thy heart for ever deeper,  
And will strike my hammer harder,  
Pounding on the tenderest places,  
That in all thy life thou never  
Freedom from the ill may'st hope for,  
If thy spells thou dost not teach me,  
All thy magic spells shalt teach me,  
Till thy spells I learn in fulness,  
And a thousand spells have gathered;  
Till no spells are hidden from me,

Nor the spells of magic hidden,  
That in caves their power is lost not,  
Even though the wizards perish.”

Vipunen, in songs so famous,  
He the sage so old in wisdom,  
In whose mouth was mighty magic,  
Power unbounded in his bosom,  
Opened then his mouth of wisdom,  
Of his spells the casket opened,  
Sang his mighty spells of magic,  
Chanted forth of all the greatest,  
Magic songs of the Creation,  
From the very earliest ages,  
Songs that all the children sing not,  
Even heroes understand not,  
In these dreary days of evil,  
In the days that now are passing.

Words of origin he chanted,  
All his spells he sang in order,  
At the will of the Creator,  
At behest of the Almighty,  
How himself the air he fashioned,  
And from air the water parted,  
And the earth was formed from water,  
And from earth all herbage sprouted.

Then he sang the moon's creation,  
Likewise how the sun was fashioned,  
How the air was raised on pillars,  
How the stars were placed in heaven.

Vipunen, in songs the wisest,  
Sang in part, and sang in fulness.  
Never yet was heard or witnessed,  
Never while the world existed,  
One who was a better singer,  
One who was a wiser wizard.  
From his mouth the words were flowing,  
And his tongue sent forth his sayings.

Through the days he sang unceasing,  
Through the nights without cessation.  
To his songs the sun gave hearing,  
And the golden moon stayed listening,  
Waves stood still on ocean's surface,  
Billows sank upon its margin,  
Rivers halted in their courses,  
Rutja's furious cataract halted,  
Vuoksi's cataract ceased its flowing,  
Likewise, too, the river Jordan.

When the aged Väinämöinen  
Unto all the spells had listened,  
And had learned the charms in fulness,  
All the magic spells creative,  
He prepared himself to travel  
From the wide-spread jaws of Vipunen;  
From the belly of the wise one,  
From within his monstrous body.

Said the aged Väinämöinen,  
"O thou Antero Vipunen hugest,  
Open thou thy mouth gigantic,

And thy jaws extend more widely.  
I would quit for earth thy body,  
And would take my journey homeward.”

Vipunen then, in songs the wisest,  
Answered in the words which follow:  
“Much I’ve drunk, and much have eaten,  
And consumed a thousand dainties,  
But before I never swallowed  
Aught like aged Väinämöinen.  
Good indeed has been thy coming,  
Better ’tis when thou departest.”

Then did Antero Vipunen open  
Open wide his mouth gigantic,  
And his jaws extended widely,  
While the aged Väinämöinen  
To his mouth made lengthened journey,  
From the belly of the wise one,  
From within his monstrous body.  
From his mouth he glided swiftly,  
O’er the heath he bounded swiftly,  
Very like a golden squirrel,  
Or a golden-breasted marten.

Further on his path he journeyed,  
Till at length he reached the smithy.  
Said the smith, e’en Ilmarinen,  
“Have you found the words you wanted,  
Have you learned the spells creative,  
That the boat-sides you can fashion,  
Spells to fix the stern together,

And the bows to deftly fashion?"  
Väinämöinen, old and steadfast,  
Answered in the words which follow:

    "Spells a hundred have I gathered,  
And a thousand spells of magic,  
Secret spells were opened to me,  
Hidden charms were all laid open."

    To his boat he hastened quickly,  
And he set to work most wisely,  
Set to work the boat to finish,  
And he fixed the sides together,  
And the stern he fixed together,  
And the bows he deftly fashioned,  
But the boat he built unhammered,  
Nor a chip he severed from it.

#### THE RAINBOW MAIDEN

Väinämöinen, old and steadfast, failed to win the Maid of Pohja, who is described as seated on the rainbow.

Clad in robes of dazzling lustre,  
Clad in raiment white and shining.  
There a golden fabric weaving,  
And her shuttle was all golden,  
And her comb was all of silver.

    From her hand flew swift the shuttle,  
In her hands the reel was turning,  
And the copper shafts they clattered,



And the silver comb resounded,  
As the maiden wove the fabric,  
And with silver interwove it.

Ilmarinen, the Mighty Smith, won the hand of the Rainbow Maiden. There was a big wedding and among the dainty dishes at the wedding feast was an ox of "size stupendous." It required a thousand men to drag this ox. His back touched the clouds, his horns reckoned a hundred fathoms.

For a week there ran an ermine  
All along the yoke he carried,  
All day long there flew a swallow  
'Twixt the mighty ox's horn-tips,  
Striving through the space to hasten,  
Nor found resting-place between them;  
Month-long ran a summer squirrel  
From his neck unto his tail-end,  
Nor did he attain the tail-tip,  
Till a month had quite passed over.

After the feast, as was the habit of the land, the bride and the bridegroom had to be tormented and lectured.

Then said Pohjola's old Mistress:

"Go thou forth, O plighted maiden,  
Follow thou, O dove new-purchased!

He who leads thee forth is with thee,  
At the door is thy conductor,  
And his horse the bit is champing,  
And his sledge awaits the maiden.

“Hast thou never, youthful maiden,  
On both sides surveyed the question,  
Looked beyond the present moment,  
When the bargain was concluded?  
All thy life must thou be weeping,  
And for many years lamenting,  
How thou left'st thy father's household,  
And thy native land abandoned,  
From beside thy tender mother,  
From the home of she who bore thee.

“O the happy life thou leddest,  
In this household of thy father!  
Like a wayside flower thou grewest,  
Or upon the heath a strawberry,  
Waking up to feast on butter,  
Fresh-made butter, milk, and wheaten,  
Or, if thou could eat no butter,  
Strips of pork thou then could'st cut thee.

“Never yet wast thou in trouble,  
Never hadst thou cause to worry,  
To the fir-trees tossed thou trouble,  
Worry to the stumps abandoned,

Care to pine-trees in the marshlands,  
And upon the heaths the birch-trees.  
Like a leaflet thou wast fluttering,  
As a butterfly wast fluttering,  
Berry-like in native soil,  
Or on open ground a raspberry.”

Then an old crone of the household,  
In the house for long abiding:—

“Hear, O maiden, what I tell thee,  
What I speak and what I tell thee,  
In thy home thou wast a floweret,  
And the joy of father’s household,  
And thy father called thee Moonlight,  
And thy mother called thee Sunshine,  
And thy brother Sparkling Water,  
And thy sister called thee Blue-cloth.  
To another home thou goest,  
There to find a stranger mother.  
Never is a stranger mother  
Like the mother who has borne thee:  
Seldom does she give good counsel,  
Seldom gives the right instructions.  
Sprig, the father shouts against thee,  
And the brother calls thee Doorstep,  
And the sister, Nasty Creature.

“Lack-a-day, O maid, my sister!  
Thou hast changed thy much-loved father

For a father-in-law, a bad one;  
Thou hast changed thy tender mother  
For a mother-in-law most stringent;  
Thou hast changed thy noble brother  
For a brother-in-law so crook-necked,  
And exchanged thy gentle sister  
For a sister-in-law all cross-eyed.

“Didst thou think, O youthful maiden,  
Think, O dove, full-fledged at present,  
Care would end and toil be lessened,  
With the party of this evening.

“Weep thou, weep thou, youthful maiden,  
When thou weepest, weep thou sorely.  
Weep thyself of tears a handful,  
Fill thy fists with tears of longing,  
Drop them in thy father’s dwelling,  
Pools of tears upon the flooring,  
Till the room itself is flooded,  
And above the floor in billows!  
If thou weepest yet not freely  
Thou shalt weep when thou returnest,  
When to father’s house thou comest,  
And shalt find thy aged father  
Suffocated in the bathroom,  
Neath his arm a dried-up bath-whisk.

“Weep thou, weep thou, youthful maiden,  
When thou weepest, weep thou sorely;

If thou weepest not yet freely,  
Thou shalt weep when thou returnest,  
When to mother's house thou comest,  
And thou find'st thy aged mother  
Suffocated in the cowshed,  
In her dying lap a straw-sheaf.

“Weep thou, weep thou, youthful maiden,  
When thou weepest, weep thou sorely.  
If thou weepest yet not freely,  
Thou shalt weep when thou returnest,  
When to this same house thou comest,  
And thou find'st thy rosy brother  
Fallen in the porch before it,  
In the courtyard helpless fallen.

“Weep thou, weep thou, youthful maiden,  
When thou weepest, weep thou sorely.  
If thou weepest yet not freely,  
Thou shalt weep when thou returnest,  
When to this same house thou comest,  
And thou find'st thy gentle sister,  
Fallen down upon the pathway,  
And beneath her arm a mallet.”

Then the poor girl broke out sobbing,  
And awhile she sobbed and panted,  
And she soon commenced her weeping,  
Pouring forth her tears in torrents.

Another counsels:—

“No, thou hast no cause for weeping,  
Nor to yield to grievous sorrow;  
To the marsh they do not lead thee,  
Push thee not into the ditches.  
Leavest thou these fertile cornfields,  
Yet to richer fields thou goest,  
Though they take thee from the brewery,  
'Tis to where the ale's abundant.

“If around thee now thou gazest,  
Just beside thee where thou standest,  
There thy bridegroom stands to guard thee,  
By thy side thy ruddy husband.  
Good thy husband, good his horses,  
All things needful fill his cellars,  
And the grouse are loudly chirping,  
On the sledge, as glides it onwards,  
And the thrushes make rejoicing,  
As they sing upon the traces,  
And six golden cuckoos likewise  
Flutter on the horse's collar,  
Seven blue birds are also perching,  
On the sledge's frame, and singing.

“Do not yield thee thus to trouble,  
O thou darling of thy mother!  
For no evil fate awaits thee,

But in better case thou comest,  
Sitting by thy farmer husband.

“Thou hast found the best of husbands,  
And hast won a mighty hero.”

Then Kaleva's most beauteous maiden instructs the bride:—

“Thou wilt always need in future  
Ready wit, and clear perception,  
And thy thoughts must all be prudent,  
Firmly fixed thy understanding,  
Eyes of keenness in the evening,  
That the fire is always brilliant,  
Ears of sharpness in the morning,  
Thus to listen for the cockcrow.  
If the cockcrow once has sounded,  
Though the second has not sounded,  
It becomes the young to rouse them,  
Though the old folk still are resting.

“If you see the Great Bear clearly,  
With his front to south directed,  
And his tail extending northward,  
Then 'tis time for thee to rouse thee.

“If no fire is in the ashes,  
And no spark is in the firebox,

Coax thou then thy dearest husband,  
And cajole thy handsome husband:  
'Light me now the fire, my dearest,  
Just a spark, my darling berry!' "

On the ground there sat an old crone,  
Sat an old dame 'neath her mantle,  
Wanderer o'er the village threshold,  
Wanderer through the country's footpaths,  
And she spoke the words which follow,  
And in words like these expressed her:

"Hear, O sister, what I tell thee,  
When thy husband's house thou seekest,  
Follow not thy husband's notions,  
As was done by me unhappy.  
Larks have tongues, and husbands notions:  
But a lover's heart is greater.

"I was as a flower that flourished,  
As a wild rose in the thicket,  
And I grew as grows a sapling,  
Grew into a slender maiden.  
I was beauteous as a berry,  
Rustling in its golden beauty;  
In my father's yard a duckling,  
On my mother's floor a gosling,  
Water-bird unto my brother,  
And a goldfinch to my sister.



Flowerlike walked I on the pathway,  
As upon the plain the raspberry,  
Skipping on the sandy lakeshore,  
Dancing on the flower-clad hillocks,  
Singing loud in every valley,  
Carolling on every hill-top,  
Sporting in the leafy forests,  
In the charming woods rejoicing.  
As a berry grows in marshland,  
And in other waters, cherry.  
Like a cranberry sought I sorrow,  
Like a strawberry exhortation.  
Every tree appeared to bite me,  
Every alder seemed to tear me,  
Every birch appeared to scold me,  
Every aspen to devour me.

“As my husband’s bride they brought me,  
To my mother-in-law they led me.  
Here they were, as they had told me,  
Waiting for the wedded maiden.”

Now the girl had well been lectured,  
And the bride had been instructed;  
It became the bridegroom’s turn:—

“O thou loved and youthful bridegroom,  
Handsomest of all the people,  
Set thou forth upon thy journey,

Hasten to commence thy journey,  
Bear away thy youthful maiden,  
Bear away thy dove so lovely.  
From thy finch depart thou never,  
Nor desert thy darling linnet;  
In the ditches do not drive her,  
Nor against the hedge-stakes drive her,  
Nor upset her on the tree-stumps,  
Nor in stony places cast her.  
In her father's house she never,  
In her dearest mother's homestead,  
In the ditches has been driven,  
Nor against the hedge-stakes driven,  
Nor upset upon the tree-stumps,  
Nor upset in stony places.

“O thou loved and youthful bridegroom,  
Handsomest of all the people,  
Never may'st thou send the damsel,  
Never may'st thou push the fair one  
In the corner there to loiter,  
Or to rummage in the corner.  
In her father's house she never,  
Never in her mother's household,  
Went to loiter in the corner,  
Or to rummage in the corner.  
Always sat she at the window,  
In the room she sat, and rocked her,

As her father's joy at evening,  
And her mother's love at morning.

“Never may'st thou treat this dovekin  
Never may this darling linnet,  
Ever be like slave-girl treated,  
Never like a hired-servant,  
Neither be forbid the cellar,  
Nor the storehouse closed against her  
Never in her father's dwelling,  
In her tender mother's household,  
Was she treated like a slave-girl,  
Neither like a hired servant,  
Neither was forbid the cellar,  
Nor the storehouse closed against her.  
Always did she cut the wheatbread,  
And the hen's eggs also looked to,  
And she looked to all the milk-tubs,  
Looked within the ale-casks likewise,  
In the morn the storehouse opened,  
Locked it also in the evening.

“Never surely, may our damsel,  
May our well-beloved linnet,  
Be in hissing terms upbraided,  
That from no high race she springeth:

“Stand there like a wall before her,  
Stand before her like a doorpost,

Do not let thy mother beat her,  
Do not let thy father scold her,  
Do not let the guests abuse her,  
Do not let the neighbours blame her.  
Drive the mob away with whipping,  
Beat thou other people only,  
Do thou not oppress thy darling,  
Nor chastise thy heart's beloved,  
Whom for three long years thou waitedst,  
She whom thou alone has longed for.

“Bridegroom, give thy bride instruction.

“If she pays no heeding,  
Nor concerns herself about it,  
Choose a reed where reeds are growing,  
From the heath fetch thou some horse-tail,  
And with these correct the damsel,  
With the stalks then whip her lightly,  
With the rough edge of the sedges,  
But with whip-lash do not strike her,  
Neither with the rod correct her.

“Always strike her on the shoulders,  
On her soft cheeks do thou strike her,  
On her eyes forbear to strike her,  
On her ears forbear to touch her;  
Lumps would rise upon her temples,  
And her eyes with blue be bordered,

And the brother-in-law would question,  
And the father-in-law perceive it,  
And the village ploughmen see it,  
And would laugh the village women.”

By the stove there lay an old man,  
By the hearth there sat a beggar;  
From the stove there spoke the old man,  
From the hearth there spoke the beggar.

“Never may’st thou, luckless husband,  
Listen to thy wife’s opinion,  
Tongue of lark, and whim of women,  
Like myself, a youth unhappy,  
For both bread and meat I bought her,  
Bought her butter, ale I bought her,  
Every sort of fish I bought her,  
Bought her all sorts of provisions,  
Home-brewed ale the best I bought her,  
Likewise wheat from foreign countries.

“But she let it not content her,  
Nor did it improve her temper,  
For one day the room she entered,  
And she grasped my hair, and tore it,  
And her face was quite distorted,  
And her eyes were wildly rolling,  
Always scolding in her fury,  
To her heart’s contentment scolding,

Heaping foul abuse upon me,  
Roaring at me as a sluggard.

“But I knew another method,  
Knew another way to tame her,  
So I peeled myself a birch-shoot,  
When she came, and called me birdie;  
But when juniper I gathered,  
Then she stooped and called me darling;  
When I lifted rods of willow,  
On my neck she fell embracing.”

Now the hapless girl was sighing,  
Sighing much, and sobbing sadly;  
Presently she broke out weeping,  
And she spoke the words which follow:

“Until now I never pondered,  
Nor believed in all my life-time,  
Never thought on my departure,  
Realized my separation,  
From the precincts of this castle,  
From the hill where it is builded.  
Now I feel I am departing,  
And I know that I am going.  
Empty are the parting goblets,  
And the ale of parting finished,  
And the sledges all are waiting,  
Front to fields, and back to homestead,

With one side towards the stables,  
And the other to the cowhouse.

“Thanks to thee, my dearest father,  
For my former life so joyful,  
For the food of days passed over,  
For the best of all the dainties  
Thanks to thee, my dearest mother,  
For my childhood’s cradle-rocking,  
For thy tending of the infant,  
Whom thou at thy breast hast nurtured.

“Also thanks, my dearest brother,  
Dearest brother, dearest sister,  
Happiness to all the household,  
All companions of my childhood,  
Those with whom I lived and sported,  
And who grew from childhood with me.

“Now farewell to all things round me,  
Berry-bearing fields and forests,  
And the flower-bearing roadsides,  
And the heaths o’ergrown with heather,  
And the lakes with hundred islands,  
And the depths where swim the powans,  
And the fair hills with the fir-trees,  
And the swampy ground with birch-trees.”

Then the smith, e'en Ilmarinen,  
In the sledge the maiden lifted.

Thus at length, smith Ilmarinen  
Forth from Pohjola departed,  
With the children farewells singing.

And at length upon the third day  
Just about the time of sunset,  
Hove in sight the smith's fair dwelling  
And the smoke in streaks ascended,  
And the smoke rose thickly upward,  
From the house in wreaths arising,  
Up amid the clouds ascending.

THE END





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